

BRITAIN'S ONLY SCIENCE STORY WEEKLY

SCOOPS



The STORY
PAPER of
TO-MORROW

2d

EVERY THURSDAY

The
**HUMMING
HORROR**

See Inside

The VACUUM DIRIGIBLE Heralds—

The "No-Air" AIRSHIP

A Revolution in "Lighter-than-Air" Craft.



EXPERIMENTERS are now more trying with the idea of a Vacuum Dirigible—a craft that gains its lift by the buoyancy of a vacuum.

Long before the invention of the Montgolfier fire balloon, and just as soon as it was discovered that air has weight, an ingenious chemist, the Rev. Francis Bacon, Esq., suggested that the buoyancy of a vacuum might be used to make an aerial car, and a sketch of his proposed vessel is shown in the margin alongside.

This was the first real scientific suggestion for a "Lighter-than-air" craft.

About thirty years ago a wonder of "Future Science" sent his hero a sky cruiser which was shaped like a dirigible, but which gained its power of flight by exhausting the air from the hull, instead of filling it with gas. The difficulty, of course, is that a skin of this sort may be filled with hydrogen and lift fifteen pounds, but its gain another pound's lift, through a vacuum, it would be necessary to remove it, like a submarine, with metal plates. The "static" vacuum ship, therefore, can never be a vacuum.

Nevertheless, as the illustrations on this page show, we may conceive a vacuum ship of considerable power, operated by maintaining a vacuum in a chamber partially open.

As a matter of fact, any airplane derives its lift from the reaction of a partial vacuum above the wing, as well as its increased pressure below it.

The craft illustrated here has on each side a cylinder with a rotating fan of the vacuum type. The chamber is closed by sliding doors, it is surrounded by ribs, and the fans are brought up to a high speed of revolution. The ports are then slightly opened above, admitting a small quantity of air, and, as the large ports open, a rush of air is forced out of them at high velocity.

Atmospheric pressure equals a ton in the square foot, a small amount of this is sufficient to fill a room structure. The craft rises with its fan-blades revolving at constant speed, but as the air pressure decreases with altitude, the input of air must be increased.

The suction of air below and at the stern makes practically a reaction or rocket-type motor.

If such a craft is possible—and we can see no reason why it should not be—it would bring about a revolution in "lighter-than-air" craft.

REVOLVING FAN
BLADES MAINTAIN
CONSTANT SPEED

FLY WHEELS HAVE
GYROSCOPIC
ACTION

GEARS DRIVE
FANS

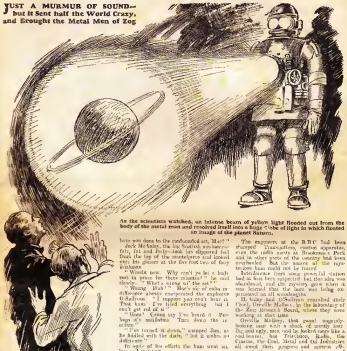
PORTS OPENED
BY ROTATING
SLEEVES



Terror When the World Hummed

The HUMMING HORROR

JUST A MURMUR OF SOUND—
but it Sent half the World Crazy,
and Brought the Metal Men of Zog



As the scientists watched, an intense beam of yellow light flooded out from the body of the metal man and resolved itself into a huge globe of light in which floated an image of the planet Saturn.

have you done to the mechanized suit, Mac?"

Jack McNulty, the big Scottish workman, fat and fifty—looked up, dignified and full from the top of the mantelpiece and looked over his glasses at the five-foot-two of fairy tinkers.

"Would you. Why can't you let a hahn-net us prove for three minutes?" he said slowly. "What's wrong with the suit?"

"Wrong! Right!" Mac's six of eels as defective always exasperated the explorer O'Reilly. "I suppose you can't hear it. That's true. I've tried everything—but I can't get rid of it."

"How? Come on, I've heard it. Perhaps it's maladjusted. Turn down the volume."

"I've turned it down," snapped Jim, as he fiddled with the dial, "but it works as defective."

In spite of his efforts the hum went on, low and insistent.

"If you think it's a valve—" began Jim.

"The suit's perfect." Mac took the page out of his mouth and blew a cloud of smoke into the air. "But here it is bits of you like Dr. better still. Ring up the B.B.C. and ask them what they're going to do about it. Please point, now, but let a hahn-net us prove."

Jim switched off the radio set in disgust. He did not ring up the B.B.C., but next morning it was evident that nearly a thousand people had done so.

The papers gave news of it, and investigation of the repeated answers showed that radio sets all over the country had experienced the same phenomenon.

The engineers at the R.R.C. had been sharpened. Transmitters, coated apparatus, even the radio sets at Brookman's Park and in other parts of the country had been overhauled. But the source of the mysterious hum could not be traced.

Radioactive tests along powerful stations had not been expected, but this idea was abandoned, and the mystery grew when it was learned that the hum was being experienced on all wavelengths.

At last, O'Reilly consulted their chief, Greville Malloy, in the laboratory of the King's Research Board, where they were working at that time.

Greville Malloy, that gaunt, eagerly-looking man with a shock of untidy hair, big and ugly, men and his beard runs like a comb down his forehead, was, like the Captain, the Cook, Metal and the Indistinct all asked their progress and screen efficiency to the invention and improvements of Greville Malloy.

"Well, what did you make of it, Mac?" asked the scientist. "I didn't hear it at all. Pitying ladies."

"I'm not sure," answered Mac cautiously.

"I was at last inclined to think it was due to some atmospheric disturbance, or perhaps some mysterious force apart, but I'm on an instant now. You see, reports say it was heard on all wavelengths, and so long as the long radio waves pass get through the D and F layers around the Earth. Therefore, they cannot get through from the other side."

"That's right enough," agreed Malloy. "But you're only assuming that they are radio waves. Electrical disturbance can come

★ THE WORLD HUMS

If I was a low, pleasant little murmur, a mumbled hum that sometimes might up with the harmony of the dance music in a cool, delightful way.

But it irritated little Jim O'Reilly, the wily, domineering scientist of Greville Malloy, one of the world's most famous scientists and inventors.

It took little to upset the tiny tinkers, and just now there was a sound as his sharp, bearded face, and his flowing red hair seemed to stand on end.

"What is it?" he exploded, fidgeting with the paper he had been reading. "What

Great Story by SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE . . . In SCOOPS next week. See page 379

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The Metal Man Of Zog

interference. Perhaps a very intense radio wave from Belgium last night closed the loop. By the way, did any other country get the disturbance? What were the reports from the Continental stations?"

"The papers don't say," answered Jim. "Well, probably them to-night."

"I'm wondering if the loop's still on the air," said Mr. M., as he went over to a portable set in the laboratory and switched on.

A school lark came through, smooth and clear, with no trace of hum or anything else in the way of interference.

"There you are," noted Malloy. "A very powerful and unusual electrical storm last night."

With that they discussed the matter from their minds, and got down to the work of the morning.

But the matter was brought to their attention again that night, for at about 10.50 p.m. the hum slowly broke into the same radio again. The time is now, if anything, longer than it had been before.

And in the evening papers were reports of similar radio interference from all over the world.

The British Radio Research Station got to work early, and discovered that a bulk of interference was striking the world, lasting for about two hours at a time in any given place.

It was on one note—a very low D Flat—and in no part of the world did the note change. But beyond that nothing could be discovered. It was just a hum, and that was the end of it.

But not quite the end, for with the passing of a week, it was found that the hum in radio sets was growing louder.

The International Radio Control Board began to get anxious. A meeting of radio experts, among them Grenville Malloy, was convened.

Yet they could find no solution.

And in three weeks' time the hum had grown to a high-pitched note—a scream that made radio receivers intolerable, and the circle of its activities was ever widening.

Then came the really maddening part of the whole business. The hum spread beyond the radio—emitting electrical sparks to hum.

Streets with electric trams or electric light began to hum like humming tops, houses hummed, churches, theatres, churches—one of the few places where any one find general amusement that were peculiar hum.

One wondered as they passed the high the streets, and their bodies hummed when they were still.

The underground railways became ghastly bodies of humming coils—no more moving.

And as the days went by so the hum grew. People began to lose their nerve. Thousands of cases of neurasthenia filled the hospitals; hysterics were a common occurrence in the streets.

The humming became so gripping the world so that the world itself was fast becoming a gigantic humming top.

In desperation, on the advice of Grenville Malloy, Britain closed down all her electricity generating stations for the period of the humming manifestation; but even then strange horrors still happened, and after the fourth week the air itself began to hum, the bodies of men and women hummed.

The first electricity on the air, the electricity in the human body—all were pulsing up the strange disturbance.

Many people began to lose their reason. Suicide became a common occurrence. The death roll in Britain was alarming.

"The world was slowly going mad . . ."

★ DOME OF ELECTRIC FIRE

AFTER thirty-two days the humming had almost reached its climax.

The air-borne hums had, meanwhile, been ever-flowing, so that large country houses had to be turned into nursing homes.

Every country in the civilized world had a few hours passed of terror when all work ceased.

And then, on the thirty-second day, during Britain's first hour "hum," the message grew to its greatest height.

It all rose to a brilliant streak of sound . . . And then with amazing, awful suddenness, it ceased . . .

Jim or if someone had turned over a glass over it.

A ghastly silence fell over London . . . A silence such as the Metropolis only experiences during the yearly two-minute silence. Only the dull, monotonous tick of clocks disturbed the peace.

Grenville Malloy and his two assistants, still working in the laboratory to keep their minds off the ghastly message, looked up from their desks.

"It stopped—suddenly," said Jim. "And before the time!"

"I wonder . . ." began Malloy.

The others looked at him expectantly, but he said nothing about the matter. Instead he said:

"Let's get home," he murmured. Jim got out their little four-wheeled MG, and all three piled into it.

The laboratory was a matter of twenty miles east of London, and with Jimmy at the wheel the journey usually took an hour more than half an hour.

But to-night the journey was destined not to be made in that time.

The car was making an even warty line along one of the main by-roads when Mac suddenly noticed a light in the sky some distance away to the left.

"What's that? What's that?" he pointed.

"Must be a star," returned Malloy, looking under signs in the back of the open car. "We have a look, him," he called.

The young Britisher obediently turned the car at the next crossing, and proceeded in the general direction of the light.

It grew in intensity as the car roared towards it—a strange blue light in the sky, apparently reflected from the earth as the little village of Haddingley, or an open field, that they came upon the summit of the light.

And it was a light that seemed them.

In the heart of the bushland was a gigantic dome of blue fire fully half a mile in diameter, throwing its own light all over the surrounding country, and reflecting its fire brightness up into the night sky.

A crowd of about twenty villagers was already gathered some distance from it, and they were converging on bushes trees and Malloy and his two assistants to come up.

"What do you make of it?" asked Jim.

"Never saw anything like it,"

"Amazing," murmured Malloy. "Electrical, but goodness knows what causes it. First we can't see through it. When did it start?" he asked one of the men as they approached.

"Ten hours—by now it; he'd tell us," returned the man, a bearded old farmer.

The farmer glared at about thirty—came in answer to his call.

"Seen big things come out of the sky," he said sagely, among the three research men's eyebrows. "We was walking—Bill and me—over by the woods when some big things came screaming down out of the sky. We didn't rightly see them, 'cos they came like a flash and then they spread out till it was like this now. I can be told for me."

But Malloy wasn't listening now.

"Come standing out of the sky," he murmured. "When did it—? Tell me, boy, did it happen when the air stopped humming?"

The boy looked at the scientist anxiously for a moment. Then—

"Yes, that's right. When the hum stopped. That's it. I remember now my boy. That's been as near as I can be told."

Malloy nodded briefly.

"We'll get home," he said to Jim. "I'll come down again to the morning." And when they were out of sight of the village, "This looks like something big."

"What do you think?" asked Jim.

"Something to do with the humming."

"Undoubtedly," answered the scientist.

"The hum came out of space, a hum that directed all forms of electricity on earth."

In answer when some object in the earth and set up an electrical storm about themselves. Of course it all fits together. I've had an idea all along that it might be power—electric power—concentrated from another planet. And by means of this power a number of objects of some kind have reached the earth."

"Fishes from another planet!" burst out Jim.

"Really now?" returned Malloy.

"That's going too fast. We don't know what these visitors are. They're objects like the scumming balloons we saw into the atmosphere. If we can get beyond that electric field—"

"Ah, it'll be very interesting," said Mac.

"Very interesting."

The little MG took roaring towards London.

Four days had passed, four days of sleep (and from the humming house).

Haddingley had become famous in a night. The strange phenomenon outside the little village had attracted thousands of spectators. Day and night hundreds of people gathered round the dome of fire and tried to prove the murky hangings of light.

Three men had been electrocuted in attempting to break through, and burned red twisted bodies gave evidence of their fatal business.

Scientists, flying over the place, reported that the dome was absolutely conical, and as yet had not been beyond the impenetrable electric field.

Grenville Malloy had yet offered no opinion, and now, on the fourth day, he was making his third visit to the spot.

Together with his two assistants he walked towards the dome with a hundred yards distance—the body began to tremble with the electrical force.

He stopped abruptly, looking towards the strange blue fire.

Then it was that the next move in this strange drama was made.

Something came up through the misty air of the dome, some strange black figure that grew slowly clear.

Then—it was outside the area of fire, and the light of it caused the three watchers to jump in astonishment.

It was a metal man.

A slung, ugly figure, with head, body, arms and legs patterned in the form of men, but with parts that were circular, so that it looked like a strange, jerky movement.

The metal of which it was made was black, black as ebony, and it glowed weirdly in the early morning sunlight.

It had no face of nose or mouth, but two circular discs of white showed where the eyes were situated. In the center of its body was a smaller white disc, larger, and perhaps glowing—the watchers could not be quite sure.

The crowd watching behind gasped their amazement, and stood eagerly witnessing the strange drama.

The metal man was now no more than ten feet from the three companions, and he came to a sudden halt.

Without a sound from the people the strange automaton raised its arm in what might have been a salutation or a signal to someone behind him.

Malloy moved to him in a sudden advance, and then all three staggered back as an unseen but terrible force flooded from the circular disc in the body of the creature.

"Don't say!" yelled Jim. "Look out!"

Carried into the Dome of Fire

And the beam of light seemed to stay suddenly when five feet from the metal man as if focused on an invisible screen, and then receded to the end of the beam formed itself into a circular globe of light a huge disc where like a giant soap bubble.

Then into the depths of the sphere floated a misty picture which gradually resolved itself into a smiling-looking sphere with a smile at each floating around it.

"Saturn!" Mallory gasped out the word a whisper from the planet Saturn, and his attitude in solid pictures. My God, what a discovery!"

Then, before the startled eyes of the watchers, into the sphere of light floated a moving awareness of nature—a group of the metal men, then a single man, but either joined and in construction of some real metal. Next a strange circular ship something like a sphere. Amazingly, that, you from solid black earth and then fell again on to green grass.

Finally, a picture of the dome of blue fire, perfect as an likeness. Then the light sphere began smothering with mist, and gradually faded out in that the white disc in the body of the strongest creature glowed jelly once again.

The metal men stood waiting, waiting perhaps for some similar manifestation from the body of one of his three watchmen.

At a loss, the companions stood silent then—

"We are men of Earth," said Mallory loudly. "Are you from the planet Saturn?" For a moment nothing happened, then Mallory felt his head grow dizzy and his mind became a mist of vague thoughts that made no sense. His next conscious thought was, "I am going mad. This is a ghastly nightmare."

Then, in a sudden inspiration, he saw reason.

"Telepathy. Thought transference," he murmured.

With the idea, he cleared his mind and sharply, clearly, the word pictures formed in his brain.

"I am from the planet Zog. I do not understand Saturn. Two or three the planet of light. For a thousand years we have tried to communicate. We have now succeeded. We are glad to find you have thought. We constructed the picture language since we imagined you might be a lower form of life. But I see you are flesh and blood people. They died from Zog millions of years ago. Metal men are now the only inhabitants. How many of you are there on Earth?"

"We call this planet Earth," Mallory frowned the thought. "We name your planet, which you call Zog, Saturn. We have millions of inhabitants on Earth. We have

no metal men, except in experimental form, and they cannot think for themselves."

"I am reassured," came back the thought.

"You must come before the research council."

"But flesh and blood people cannot pass through the dome of fire."

"I understand. But, are if I carry you?"

And as the thought came, the strange creature moved towards Mallory, and before he had time to draw back had lifted him into his arms.

Jim and Mac gasped with horror. They had not picked up the thought messages, and now, in the presence of the metal man the death of Mallory.

They made to tear at the creature's arm, but now he had bowed and was walking towards the dome of electric fire, and as they went with him gradually the electric power grew greater and greater. . . . Until the two assistants would hear it no longer and they drew back defeated.

And the metal man, with his human body, disappeared blackly in the heart of the electrical fire.

The watching crowds turned and ran. Women screamed. This was an experience the like of which human eyes had never seen before.

T—screaming papers shocked the world.

* IN THE HEART OF THE DOME

THE house dugged out their way through two hours of waiting and waiting.

But still there was no sign from behind the mysterious dome of electrical fire. What had happened? Mallory his two assistants seemed to gaze.

Joe O'Sullivan, the Irish workman, could stand it no longer.

"We've got to do something," he burst out. "I know what they're doing in the Chief behind that damned barrier. We've got to do something."

"Ay," murmured Mac, reaching at an empty pipe. He coughed his watch. Two hours. Ay. He'd better try something. I'll try it, it's the only way."

"What?" demanded Jim.

"Never you stand," murmured the owner.

But, "You get away to the nearest phone and ask Scotland Yard—no, they'd be no

Round the huge dial on which Gaville Mallory sat strapped to a chair, the metal men of Zog stood before duplicated sets of dials and controls.

me. Ask this—yes, the War Office—ask them to send down troops and more tanks. Then leave the rest to me. I'll be waiting the car."

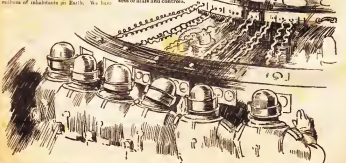
O'Sullivan looked slightly staggered, but he made no objections and walked with Mac as far as the parking place.

But what are you going to do? asked Jim again.

"I'm going to do something I've never done before. I'm going to take a ride in an aeroplane, and God be my mercy on my soul!"

Mac, persuaded that professed statement with a blaring roar on the exhaust of the M.G., and left the staggered O'Sullivan in a cloud of blue exhaust smoke.

"And get these tanks if you have to drive



The Fight with the Ship from Saturn

them yourself!" the wild fang look at him.

Half an hour later a LSP direct-control antenna beamed this launch of feet above the dome of electric fire.

The geyser machine was a figure crouched over the side, and at a wave from the pilot launch himself sat into space.

MacAulay had taken a long shot. Not only had he made his first airplane trip—which cost him an arm here—but he had made his first parachute jump into the bogies.

He closed his eyes as he fell into the fiery zone, heard the spiral and whirled as he passed through the electric zone, but he landed again as he knew that his gear had been right.

As he was not in contact with the Earth the electricity would not have any effect on him. It was just the same as a bird alighting on a 60,000 volt live wire of the big Electricity Grid. That did not matter at all, for, whether it did or not.

Cracking and spluttering, the "birds" passed through the electric zone, and then the fire was back to Earth.

Dead and landed he picked himself up.

An amazing sight met his gaze. Five huge and machine, something like power taps, but with machine wheels and strange, grumbling, rattling, stopped arms at the interior of the dome, but in the center of the place was the most staggering sight of all.

A large dome rose into the lofty heights of the electric heaven, and waited step of it, striped to a chair, and surrounded with strange instruments that glowed and flashed, was the seemingly unconscious figure of Driville Malloy.

All around the central dome was a circular launch connected to the dome with hundreds of wires, and standing below clustered sets of controls on the launch were at least twenty of the same strange metal men.

MacAulay sat staring, at a loss what to do.

The metal men made not the slightest movement. All was still and silent, to the electric dawn.

He couldn't make twenty metal men.

A dull rattle came to his ears. . . . The tracks. If only he could get to the controls of the electrical dome. He could perhaps smash it, and let the waves through.

And not even metal men could withstand the onslaught of furies.

Suddenly he looked at his gun. There that was some conglomerate of apparatus and the five-gallon ships.

"The big stuff must have been sent in the past four days," he mused, "but the dome came over the ship as soon as they landed. The controls must be in the ship, or one of the ships."

At that moment the metal men seemed to become aware of his presence, and five of them came clumping towards him.

MacAulay set off in a staggering run towards the nearest red ship.

MacAulay had no door to the queer machine. He made a swift strike of his moustache, and the metal men about him, fell as metal became a nest of bottomed thoughts, and as a sudden inspiration flared under the ship between the two machines.

He looked up, saw a opening, and passed himself into it. He moved clear again, he stepped back the circular door he found, and there over gleaming lenses.

Then he looked around.

The nature of the ship was stranger than a cigarette machine. It was a complicated maze of it, while all round its circular assembly rose gallery after gallery, metal-enclosed and supported by steps at intervals all round.

Below the revolving hall, which appeared to float in air, was a great mass of levers, dials, switches, and wheels like stop rocks.

Fearful of the consequences, but resolved in the knowledge that he had to do something, and that, possibly, he grabbed at all the levers, turned them, using the switches, turned the "stop-rocks."

Light flashed about him, strange gun fired deadly shots from their heavy legs. Blades began to revolve with a whirling hiss.

Then, as he hung another lever, the great metal ball fell.

It swung him by his feet, but completely smashed the instruments beneath it.

A clattering flash of blue fire that lit the entire back and then it was silent.

Finally, MacAulay got to his feet again, lifted the circular door and dropped through.

He was outside the dome of fire now. Apparently, all the five ships had been setting up the electric barrier, and now that this ship was out of action, the electrical power of the two runner ships had drawn together beyond the sphere.

But it had evidently weakened the power, for there was a tank lumbering before the electrical zone.

Here, too, at his feet, lay the mangled remains of the four metal men, bent and twisted pieces of scrap.

"Well, I'm damned," gasped MacAulay. "I'm outside again!"

Then, before he could decide on any further move, came the deadly humming barrier again. The air around him hummed, and the engineer felt his own body humming in answer.

Next moment something came into the air, something that revolved and flashed on to the machine.

Just as usually the electric darts faded, and there was the whole mysterious zone laid bare.

Three machines still stood going and silent on the launch, and the mangled remains of metal men were strewn about.

But in the center beside the shattered edifice stood the tank, with an officer at the controls, and MacAulay's assistant Driville Malloy, with it.

They stopped suddenly as they saw the electric dome disappearing, and MacAulay leaped to his feet.

"Well, there you are," he panted. "All right and sound. I'm thinking—"

"Quick!" broke in Malloy. "Have you got your gun?"

"Ay, over in the parking place. But what?"

"We've got to stop that other machine. The tank disabled it but it managed to use it. We can't get far, and we've got to get the War Office on to it. That machine must not be allowed to return to Saturn."

"Ay," answered MacAulay. "The car's waiting."

And all the time that hour, that terrible nerve-wracking hour—

* BATTLE OVER THE CHANNEL *

THE first scene in the strange drama was played out on the coast of Dover.

A strange vessel had been reported flying towards the coast, and the War Office had got to work immediately.

A squadron of red fighters and a squadron of torpedo bombers had gone speeding to wards the coast, and these battalions and a number of light bombers had put out from Portsmouth Harbour.

And it was over the English Channel, just off Dover, that the "plane" appeared, the strange red ship, revolving blades and upper propeller gliding in the wind half light of the setting sun.

She was moving slowly, evidently disabled, and it looked as if she could not rise, for she maintained a height of about a thousand feet.

Three of the fighters broke formation, and went scurrying down to the attack, making gas strutter a hail of lead.

Almost immediately, the red ship took up the challenge. Flashes of light burst through the revolving blades, and flames burst from two at the bottom. They moved right over and went whirling down to sea in a grave.

Then the dull, angry reverberation of anti-aircraft guns came from below as the brittle ships arrived at the coast.

Swiftly burst all over the red ship, but apparently she suffered no effect. Her revolving blades continued to glow in the falling light.

It was as if the torpedo bombers in their desperation, were screaming down one another, leaving their deadly passengers.

One only seemed a direct hit, but beyond shattering the upper propeller, it left the strange red ship unharmed.

And all the while the guns from the red ship continued to flash out some strange deadly hail. One of the torpedoes exploded on the red ship, and some down, a ghastly trail of blazing wreckage.

It was a battle of giants, terrible to behold. The more bombers went down to the attack. They had been the only units to make any effect on the ship.

Then came a startling maneuver—If maneuver it was. The red ship, dropped lower. Then down to within a hundred feet of the water.

The bombers, too, were forced, and the last thing seen was a great burst of light.

Next, without any warning, the hovering barrier rose.

Then, a spot of water rose from the sea, rose fully a hundred feet into the air as it drove by magnetic attraction to the red ship. It reached the strange machine, exploded it, and then settled down again.

And with it came the red ship.

What strange atomic or electrical phenomenon caused it, no one can tell, but it was it just as it occurred.

That was the last of the red ship from Saturn, as King. Its own power had evidently been its undoing.

Back in London, Driville Malloy was gazing, his expert in the newspapers.

"I am fully convinced," he was telling them, "that the ships and things strange passengers were visitors from the planet Saturn. They apparently came at all points and silently, gathering knowledge, just as we might travel to Saturn."

"I hold the opinion that the hovering barrier, as we now know it, was nothing more than some electrical power transmitted through the ether from Saturn to Earth. The last was caused when the machine was in operation, and it is evident from that that they took thirty two days for the journey."

But what did they do to you inside that electric field?" asked one of the spectators.

"Randomly—they were delighted to discover that I had the power of thought," answered Malloy, "and so they put me on to that very apparatus that they might catch me in a trap."

"They dragged everything I knew out of me without my having to frame thoughts or answer questions."

"All I could gather from them was that they came in quest of knowledge. They had no high flying ideas of conquering the Earth, or of conquering us. They found Saturn a happy enough place."

Now the last of their space ships has met its end. It is good, for had it returned we would have had to endure thirty two more days of the hovering barrier, and they would surely have sent another expedition. The whole world would have been in terror after another week of that deadly menace.

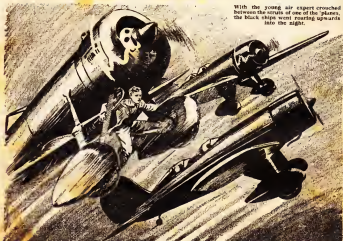
"It is a," he concluded, "the inhabitants of Saturn will probably consider that the expedition has been a failure and abandon further attempts."

"Ay, I hope so," said in Malloy, and he bowed a last bow of "The Phoenix of the Past."

"For God's sake, stop haunting!" ordered Jim O'Sullivan. "You've got to go."

MacAulay looked over his glasses and nodded.

"Ay," he said, "I wouldn't have good news."



With the young air expert crouched between the skirts of one of the planes, the black ships went roaring upwards into the night.

The BLACK VULTURES

Terror From The Skies

Death From The Clouds

* THE MASTER SAVES A SUICIDE

"YOUR change, sir?"

Impassively the smother-faced young Kibel saved the waiter and his proffered tray away.

"Keep it!" he said harshly. "I don't want it."



Emergo

Reason why he had chosen the writing room was that he hadn't sufficient money to pay the deposit for a bedroom. Another was that he wanted first to write a letter. And the third was that at that late hour the writing room would be deserted.

Leaving untouched the black coffee which

the waiter had brought him, he rose to his feet and walked from the lounge. With a strange wear of uncertainty he mounted the stairs.

As he had anticipated, the writing room was deserted, and, closing the door behind him, he seated himself at one of the best topped writing tables.

Someone had left an evening newspaper on the table, and, as Kibel swept it impatiently aside, facing black headlines caught his eye.

ANOTHER RAID BY THE BLACK VULTURES TAKES A LOVED AND BURNED

"Last night the Roman treasury of Yuktuk was raided by the monster and mysterious Black Vultures, for whose combined gales and military air forces of Europe are searching."

"The raid was carried out in the millions and monstrous manner usually adopted by these villainous night ravens, deadly gas bombs being first dropped on the town."

Kibel laughed nastily and swept the newspaper to the floor. Then he seized the voluminous suitcase behind these words which were transferring Europe! If only he could have done something like this—

Altogether he dismissed the train of thought and, pulling a sheet of notepaper towards him, poised up a pen. For a few moments he wrote eagerly, then, leaning back in his chair, he scanned the scribbled words.

Revised, he laid the ribbon in a upwards on the table and drew an account from his pocket. Deliberately he placed the card, read twice again, he temple and steadily his finger tightened on the trigger.

Next instant there came a vicious report, head flew apart from the gun, and Kibel sat staring stupidly at the torn leather and splintered woodwork of the writing table through which the bullet had ploughed its way.

After, as though emerging from a daze, he became conscious of a hand gripping his wrist, a hand which had whopped his own hand downwards, directing his aim in the very nick of time.

"You fool!"

paraded an armed, voice behind him.

Slowly Kibel turned his head and found his self looking up into the most evil face he had ever seen. Those great green eyes stared down at him with a pitiless brightness in their depths which found no reflection in cruel, thin lips, nor melted by a look-like man.



Derek Oldman

Kobel Joins the Black Vultures

"Who—who are you?" asked Kobel steadily, noting the swirling dress of the stranger and his long black cloak buttoned at the neck.

"That does not matter for the moment," replied the man. "Give me the gun. Here come the waiters. The gun, you fool!"

He snatched the gun from Kobel's hand and turned quickly towards the door as it burst open and two starkly looking waiters and the night porter rushed into the room.

"What has happened?" demanded one of the waiters. "We heard a shot—"

"Yes, I am sorry," said the black-clad stranger. "I was explaining to my friend here the mechanism of this gun and unfortunately it went off. No harm has been done, however, except to your waiting table."

The waiter stared from him to the white-faced and shivering Kobel.

"Are you gentlemen staying in the hotel?" he demanded suspiciously.

"No, I am afraid we are not," returned the stranger. "We arranged to meet here."

"Then you had better explain this shooting to the manager!" interrupted the waiter loudly. "Fetch Herr Schagel, Hans!"

Hans, the night porter, departed with alacrity, and, standing a hand over Kobel's shoulder, the stranger pulled up the latter's head and whispered:

"Over my head, he thrust it into his pocket, and a few moments later Hans Schagel, the manager of the hotel, came bustling agitatedly into the room.

"What is the matter?" he asked. "What has happened? Hans tells me there has been a shooting."

"I have already explained what happened," said the stranger with a smile. "I was showing my friend the mechanism of an automatic I carry when it accidentally exploded. You can see here that my friend is."

"I don't like it," said Hans Schagel. "I don't like it at all. If it were not for the scandal and for the sake of the good name of the hotel I would call the police and let them investigate the matter—"

"Call the police if you wish!" blurted the man in the black cloak, and Hans Schagel scolded from the fire in his eyes. "It matters nothing to me if you care to make a stupid fool of yourself. There, take that in payment for your wretched tale which we have damaged, and my friend and I will go."

He thrust a thousand marks into the hand of Hans Schagel and turned to Kobel.

"Come!" he said loudly.

Weakly Kobel rose to his feet, and taking him by the arm, the man in the black cloak pushed past Hans Schagel and descended the stairs.

A glittering bracelet was standing outside the door. Throwing Kobel into the hands of the policeman, the man spoke a word to the French chauffeur, then sank down on the cushioned seat beside Kobel.

Effortlessly the chauffeur glided away from the curb, and a few moments later was passing through the streets of Munich, which were almost deserted at this late hour.

When he was being taken Kobel did not know. Neither did he know who his strange companion was. The events of the last quarter of an hour seemed like a nightmare to him.

He shuddered now as he thought of the thing he had been about to do when this mysterious and black-clad man had so abruptly interfered.

"Who are you?" he asked himself.

The man, this type of his companion, started on a reckless ride.

"I am Kobel!" he answered.

The man conveyed nothing to Kobel. To the best of his knowledge he had never heard of him before. He noticed suddenly that Kobel's hand was clamped about the handle of the automatic which he carried in his pocket and was something at it.

"Don't do that!" begged Kobel, stretching out his hand. "Give it to me!"

Kobel's hand was still on the handle of the automatic when Kobel's hand was clamped about the handle of the automatic which he carried in his pocket and was something at it.

"It is the bomb!" he said, and the man's hand was still on the handle of the automatic when Kobel's hand was clamped about the handle of the automatic which he carried in his pocket and was something at it.

"Then you know me?" demanded Kobel. "You know who I am?"

Kobel laughed. "I know everything about you," he answered. "I know that you intended to commit suicide to-night."

"But why do you know that?" asked Kobel. "I know that you intended to commit suicide to-night."

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BLACK VULTURE

* IN THE VULTURES' EYRE

TAKING Kobel by the arm, Zerkow pulled him round the corner to a field at the rear where, by the light of the moon, Kobel saw a tall building and beautifully illuminated black automobile standing outside a solitary house.

"Where are you going?" demanded Kobel, as Zerkow pulled out a heavy black leather flying coat which he slipped over his evening dress after drawing himself up to his black shirt.

"We are going on a short flight," replied Zerkow. "There is no time to explain at the moment. Get into this flying kit and get aboard!"

Obediently Kobel took the flying kit which the chauffeur had brought, and struggling into it, landed the machine.

He would have liked to have returned, to

the mysterious and black-clad man had so abruptly interfered.

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"I am Kobel!" he answered.

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Survivor of a Poison Raid

a lightning bolt before down on the town ship of Barker in Eastern Prussia.

And as they stood, there rained in heavy falling hail, warning for wind to be shifted from the central north that there were more bullets, killed several of those gathered and other comrades of his.

There was the brutal and headed Black Knight, occasionally named to Zerkow; there was the enormous Alya, wanted for murder on the Spanish air route, there was the slim and fast-haired Pater, whose intense white hair the witness told of a jet; and to name but one more of that reluctant company there was the tall, slightly disfigured Zerkow, who, before joining the Black Volunteers, had taken into the hands of the White Army of Russia, and who would carry to his grave great losses on the campaign if they had avoided upon him because of his cruelty and atrocities during the Revolution.

A still red light gleamed suddenly on the side of the apical steel pointed tower, a sign that the machine was on fire.

Swinging themselves up into their machine, the pilot waved and a green light signified that the gas bombs were ready; then flames were spread to fall, and with a deaf-thunderous roar of super-heated engines the Black Volunteers swept forward across the platform and entered into the night to sweep outwards in a screaming drive to the lacing of the distant town.

* CAPTURED BY THE CULTURES

Few were awake at Barker during the darkness of those early morning hours, but one of those was Derek Oldham, of the British Association Research Society.

Derek had been sent out from England to assist Professor Pilger in his experiments with the making of new engines in modified atmosphere, and he was now busy in the Professor's well equipped laboratory.

Expressed in the world he was becoming and the order he was making, he became suddenly conscious of a peculiar pungent odor which made him feel drowsily sick.

His first thought was that one of the gas cylinders in the laboratory was leaking, and with a wet handkerchief pressed over his mouth and nostrils, he moved quickly to the rack on which the gas masks were hanging and adjusted one over his face.

But this was no gas cylinder which was leaking. Heavy, poisonous fumes were drifting in through the laboratory windows, filling the room with a murky fog.

What an earth was happening? Everything was so frighteningly still. Then, suddenly, there came to Derek's ears the muffled roar of powerful engines again. The noise passed by overhead and died away as the engines were cut out for a landing.

Instantly the dreadful truth flashed upon Derek. The Black Volunteers were raiding Barker and, following their usual fashion, were killing the inhabitants with deadly gas.

Darting down the laboratory, Derek reached upstairs to the Professor's bedroom. It was full of the murky fog of death. The Professor was quite dead. The gas had killed him as he slept.

His face green and set behind his mask, Derek turned and running swiftly downstairs, hid himself out near the street. Next moment he dashed back into the doorway, for, in the weak light of a street lamp glimmering feebly through the yellowish fog, he had seen a line of masked figures advancing along the street.

Crouched in the doorway, Derek watched them pass. Each man was carrying a drama automatic, although they must have known quite well that there could be none to offer them resistance.

They now had the back situated a little way along the street, and there came a dull explosion as they blew in the door, then they vanished into the interior.

The testing of the walls and sides was carried out really and without haste, and half an hour had elapsed before Derek saw the soldiers emerge carrying the heavy bullet-proof boxes.

Derek was prepared to interfere. He was unarmed, and he knew only too well that should he be detected by the gang, he would be mercilessly shot down.

So, crouched in the black shadow of the doorway, he watched them pass, then cautiously and so silent as a shadow he crept after them.

Just what he was going to do he had no idea. But as he heard the Volunteers' engines roar into his on the outskirts of the town, and saw the black outlines of the machines, inspiration came to a flash.

He would take the air with these villains and find out where their base was.

Reaching his door, Derek moved forward and gripped the rear wheel of the V-shaped undercarriage of the nearest machine. The pilot, intent on his controls, felt the machine lurch under Derek's weight, but obviously under the impression that he had merely hit a bump in the ground, he twisted his handle wheel and moved forward up into the night.

His arms round the steering and his feet braced against the bottom of the "V," Derek hung grimly on as the machine climbed steeply at an amazing speed.

He had torn his gas mask off shortly after emerging above the poison belt, and as the machine ascended higher and higher into the muffled atmosphere, he took the precaution of holding the left of his gait handle against the stud.

Already he was feeling difficulty in breathing, and as the machine continued to climb he felt a drowning in his nose and his heart commenced to pound as though it would burst.

Then, suddenly, dorkly illuminated against the black black sky, he noticed to his alarm the monster blot of a gigantic ship.

The ship was too large to be real, and his

last coherent thought before he lost consciousness was that it was but a mirage of his slipping senses.

When Derek opened his eyes it was to find himself lying on a surface in a very tastefully furnished and luxuriously lighted lounge.

Looking looking down at him was a man in light-fitting, high-necked black uniform, a man with black like features, a cruel thin-lipped mouth, and oblique green eyes in which lurked intense amusement.

"So you have come round then, my friend?" said the man.

Derek struggled into a sitting posture. He still felt dazed and light-headed through the oxygen which had been administered to him.

"Who are you?" he demanded weakly.

"And whom were you?"

The man laughed.

"I think it is I who should have the precedence in interrogation," he said. "But to answer your questions first, I am Zerkow, leader of the Black Volunteers, and this my colleague, Mr. Zerkow, was my ally. Who are you?"

Derek told him, for there was no reason why he should not.

"I see," murmured Zerkow. "Well, Mr. Derek Oldham, as you have come aboard here uninvited and my, unfortunately, we have no room in our midst for such as you, I am afraid that I must kill you and leave your body dropped unobserved. As we are now over the waters of the Baltic, the chance of your being found will be negligible."

Derek half rose, then abruptly remained himself to stare intently at a silver-plated automatic which had appeared as though by magic in the well measured hand of Zerkow, and which was pointed dead between his eyes.

In the centre of the Black Volunteers. No one has ever penetrated their business and got back alive. Death is whispering in Derek's ears. (Only one man ever went a long and thrilling journey of this great sea coast.)

Kobel felt a hand direct his aim, and looked up to see a stranger in a black cloak looking down at him. "You fool!" purred an amused voice.



Devilman of the

NOT A MAN, Not a Fish, but all the Cruelty and Relentlessness of Inorganic Nature Personified.

of the sea wall were enormous data, fit and twisted. They might have been big columns formed of submarine growth, but they were not. No, for they had no veins. They were polished, nevertheless, and their bases spread out in various fan-like formations.

They were mighty magnets, made of the professor, iron plates and dangle—the last of wrecked ships.

They were all shaper, from circles to tier to tier of complete professor. There were electric magnets there, which derived their power from the machinery below the ground, and this power was set in motion at intervals from the machinery some distance.

Up from the machinery several propelling shafts had been thrust in a side way, and as Devilman issued his command his followers realized that while it meant probable death to obey, it was certain death to disobey.

"Use of post," said Devilman, "and square down between these shafts and the rock, first to the surface room. Start the sea wall moving."

He pointed his long underarm towards a small Schman, and the police was explained. The fishman stepped forward, crowded under the magnets, squared his body into an emerald ball, and began to wobble into the depths.

Devilman waited for some time, then with a second fishman down the black shaft. He returned, trailing behind him the dead body of his companion. The latter had been seized by the irregularity of a hidden octopus. It came up hanging in the dead fishman, a small specimen, but a dangerous one.

The second fishman went down. He too was killed. Four fishman had survived their first before the next of small octopuses was empty. At last a fishman went down and the quaking of the sea wall sounded.

Devilman went back to the entrance. His great bulk was passed across the tiny crack in the wall as it felt the shock of rock. The water behind him pressed with an great force that he could hardly bear it, not too expensive in water made him take back. He knew that inside the fortress his forces were in need of him.

At last he was forced through on the surface that poured into the cavern, and was not forward as the current swirled across the floor.

He rose, dripping, splashed his way to a passageway, and began to crawl towards the machine room. He saw the bodies of his slain troops lying in heaps and being washed to and fro by the current. Every step told him what he had failed. The game of the gondoia had taken terrible toll of his black fishmen.

The gondoia itself was holding on the strong tide. The outside had been closed, and it looked like a big metal balloon. But Devilman had no interest in the gondoia. His objective was the control of the machinery. That would be the decisive

Devilman lifted Gornwall in his hideous arms and flung him on to the platform. Next moment he was inside the control house.

The dead shark was to be stored in the compound ladder, its skin was to be used for boiling, its teeth for picks and implements, its bones for other men. But as Devilman approached the sea wall of the island he saw that no answer before was what against him. He and his fishmen were barred from entrance to their house.

Up against the cliff of ice Devilman stood like a fish in a bottle, his long pointed snout the only rugged wall. His long arm, used to darkness, caught to penetrate the interior of the cave beyond. He saw, in glimpses, the fishing of the Kuruman's gun. He saw his little black fishmen, the more troops as when he had counted, tall before the gun. His eyes seemed wide in terror as they almost burst his control.

He listened anxiously for the answer of the machinery that supplied the light from the volcano below, the city of fishmen. There was no sound. He watched for the glow that might tell him that the submerged rocks were open along the pit of natural force. There was no light.

He guessed the truth, and as the possibility of defeat thrust itself into his brain, he twisted round and gave vent to a frustrated cry.

There was neither way by which entrance could be gained to the interior of the machinery, but it was a way by which he could not go. Death lay that way upon a narrow of short parallel.

Around the bed of the sea on either side

* TRAPPED IN THE POWER HOUSE

DEVILMAN of the Deep, half-shark in appearance as in nature, ruler of the submarine caverns in the state of unimagined monsters that he under the South Atlantic, was about for revenge.

His greatest enemy was the fish man he had overthrown and whose highly developed efforts towards civilization he had arrested—Sea Flight.

But next to Sea Flight the anger of Devilman was set against the three human beings who had open to his submarine kingdom in their shining gondoia—Mark Stannum, Harvey Kells and Alon Chensell, who had sailed Sea Flight to visit the first battle in the attack against Devilman.

Never before had human beings descended to this world under the sea, never had men seen the wonders of this race of fishmen who had an intelligence higher, on the average, than average human mind. And as Devilman came down through the heavy, motionless ocean, his fishmen at his heels, his rage grew with every stroke of his leathery tail and fins.

Higher up he had just fought and conquered a hammerhead shark. The gondoia was now here that each fishman possessed in the terrible storm he used with each effort had drawn the life from the shark in the manner of an octopus.

factor in the war that had been declared. There and again he transported to be identified control, asking for some survivors of the battle to come to him.

A faint answer came a short way along the passage. He saw a little dome, long as a canoe. It was a small, black, fish-like, terrible wonder, but short. The third abbing from him.

In a few sentences the nature told the story of the battle in the room; how the attack had been made upon Davidson's troops as they waited, how they had been

DEEP

slain in scores, how the three Earthmen had gained the victory and had left the room with the flight and the leader.

Davidson grunted his thanks to the guide and bounded on. He kept at last through the passage and looked down upon the heart of the submarine city. There at his feet lay the mighty machinery, the pumps, the boilers, the dynamo, the shafting and the levers that drove its power.

Not a sound came from the usually busy room, not a sound, save the faint pumping of the motion that controlled the air with between the caves.

Davidson scrambled down tracks and traced the corridors, wondering as he went. No one answered his call. He realized the danger and now that they were coming in work.

He crept forward cautiously, looking behind the machinery every now and then for a brief space, fearful but this was a trap. In a last short look he watched the covered apartment where the levers were installed. He that reached the group waited for the last time and then stepped.

On the floor of the cave beside the polished headless of the levers lay the Earthman who had taken his way down from the aqueduct on the ocean bed. A bullet hole pierced his forehead. He was dead.

The bullet hole told Davidson everything. The machine room was in the hands of the Earthmen. But where were they? Had they seen him? Were they watching him at that moment?

Davidson laid his hand on one of the levers and tried to pull it over so as to start the pumps again. He could not move the lever. A wedge had been driven into its socket so that it could not be started. And the lever was in the position which pointed to reverse. That meant that the sea wall above had been closed again, and the water had been forced out. While Davidson had been making his way towards the machine the Earthmen had killed his followers and reversed the engine. Davidson transported no more. Where were his followers? He had seen of black troops who usually answered him. From the roof of the machine room hung a great air pump, the only light in the cavern, but gone were the actual flames that fed the engine and supplied the power. The volume that rumbled under the machine room had been cut off, its efficiency had been thrown down the long passages that convulsed the form.

He stepped out of the sub and young him self up towards a strange point, a dark passage made of steps' leading that traversed the boiler and the pumping section. Something warned past his head and struck the rock on the other side of the cave. He dropped flat on the platform.

Above the way yawned a window, and the levers on which he lay were stopped by a bullet.

Davidson dropped from the afterway, clung to a belt, slid down behind a rock, and lay still.

THE BATTLE IN THE CAVE

A moment later he lifted his head and pressed round the edge of the boiler.

Through the web of machinery he saw the three Earthmen as a platform at the other side of the cave. They were beside the air lock room, the place where they could power every piece of machinery, and beside them stood Sea Flight. Their voices came to Davidson in the silence.

"I warned him with my first shot," said Kells. "but I thought you let him, Starman."

"He dropped quick enough, sir," said Currow.

"He must have entered by the air wall," said Sea Flight gravely. "That is the only way of the fish man we found in the pump room. We must see that he does not set his traps free from behind the abutting covers which we have driven there."

Davidson's eyes glaucosed to be heard the words. He knew now that his troops were

held prisoner by the machinery that had closed the various doors. His eyes sharpened by long training, tried to catch every word. "Kells and I will go over and find him or his body," said Starman. "He really will poison gas, Kells. He may only be wounded. Avoid Sea Flight, when we have defeated Davidson to you dead or alive, we'll start on our journey for that island to see our world."

"The Healer has gone to make preparations," replied Sea Flight. "Meanwhile let me know with you to show you the way through the various passages. Control room remains here in charge of the control room."

Davidson lay very still. In that moment there was been to him knew an element of cunning greater than ever before. Used to crude fighting, the man by which his troops had been that felt a move was threatening, cunning could be matched with cunning. The stake was high. He needed to trick these men who sought him.

They would not see him as he lay there deep



Glimping to the rope, Davidson's heartling down. He was within a yard of the underwater monster when his gun cracked out.

in the gloom. The ladder by which he lay was one of those that had belonged to a ship he had brought down, its sides now rusty and its rivets would not hold much longer, but Davidson did not think of that just then. He slowly raised himself, spread the wide door at the end, heaved himself up and lay down.

He did not close the door completely, but kept it open so that he might look out and see. Stenhouse, Kells and Sea Flight could be heard moving about, exchanging remarks. They peered under the machinery, flicked a lamp light here and there, and, extremely silent by the look of which Devil was a fan. Had he known it, he was more aware than that at that instant.

But Davidson did not attack. He saw the glint of the revolver in Kells's hand. He heard Stenhouse advise a march out towards the opposite side of the cave, in case he had noticed it that direction.

Devil was waiting until their voices grew fainter. Then he acted with the activity of a tiger.

He sprang quickly out of the ladder, dodged past pipes and dynamos, swung up in a cable, and went along it like a monkey. He was dragging along the control house before Sea Flight gave the alarm.

It was too late then. Devil dragged Davidson on the platform of the control house, and in a flash he was inside.

Abel Cornwall was shaking over the lantern that surrounded the wall covered with switches. He turned to see the monster lung far him.

He dropped to the floor. He intended to keep out of range of those terrible machine men, but as he dropped Davidson's foot caught him. A terrible blow on the head. Away went Cornwall across the room, and with moment Davidson had lifted him, flung him outside, and slammed the door.

It was still scattered through the cave with frightful intensity, and his big arms got busy with the switches on the wall.

Down came Devil after him, once more with a crash, as Davidson's ribs cracked. The great pump above remained motionless; but the mighty dynamo began to revolve, the turbines that had once been built into that class ships received their food of power, the generators, transformers, and other parts of the station swung into action.

From the entire room there came the hum, flash, and screech of the mighty machinery. But that was not all.

All around the room doors were thrown open as if by magic. Below that seemed to be the floor of the cavern rolled back and exposed other caverns. From the rocky floor flat plates swung aside revealing the distant sea, and in some cases, fences, that came up to heat the boiler, and acted as barriers.

A glance at these showed where the fishermen obtained all the food necessary. A line of oak buckets, worked on an endless chain, moved in a race, tipping their contents into the furnace. There was no need for stokers there. The work was done with the precision and mechanical accuracy of the latest automobile engine.

As for Stenhouse and his companions, they barely moved with their lives. The moment the machinery began to operate they crept all their way to toward their way out of the cave of moving things. It was Sea Flight who led them toward the tall pillars and the peering machines. It was useless to speak, to try to explain. Their voices were drowned in the tumult. But words were not so quiet. They knew what had happened.

They heard his yell and tramping of Davidson, and by the time they had emerged to a dark track they saw the effect of that yell to him.

Coming from one of the side doors streamed hundreds of little black fish-men, coming in a chorus of answering yells to their leader.

Cornwall had recovered consciousness and sat up in a dazed way, feeling his head. He observed the fishmen rushing towards the

control house. A glance round showed him Sea Flight and his companions around the cave. They were regarding to him, and shouting, although he could not hear a word of their directions.

But he understood the implied aim of Sea Flight, who pointed to a cable stretched from the control house to the roof. It was the thick cable that carried the electric current to the lamp above.

Abel Cornwall crept, but his head at any time, and now he remained as cool as ever. But more he recovered, and he sprang towards the door of the control house. He fired into the back, looked the door open, aimed at Davidson, and fired again.

He had no time to watch the effect of his shot, for the last of little black men was coming towards him. He kept his revolver pointed towards them and pecked off the foremost, then springing clear above them as others advanced and began climbing the cable with the agility of an ape.

Some distance up he seemed, suddenly he regarded the cable, and calmly released his gas. He expired in again at the fishmen, bringing one down with every shot, then dashed higher once more.

Again he fired his gun with ammunition from his pocket; but this time he did not aim at the rising fishmen below. He took aim at the cable where it joined the ceiling, and fired. The first shot missed and glanced along the roof of the house, but his second struck the cable.

The great electric lamp was extinguished, and the cable swung free and he with it. But he was not yet finished.

He began to swing as a trapeze artist swings, pointing machinery above and down. The glowing light from the furnace made a queer setting for this strange scene. Down came Cornwall at the end of the cable until he was within arms' length, thrust, of the fishmen who stood near the power house.

Devilman emerged and watched also, his eyes gleaming with hope and cunning. Cornwall's position was to swing until he could land himself beside his friends; but before he could do that his momentum must bring him within a very short distance of the platform of the fishmen's station.

In vain Stenhouse, Kells and Sea Flight stared at his danger. Abel seemed not to understand.

As for Sea Flight the moment that Devilman's yell had gone up he, too, had cast out a call. It was a shriller tone than Devilman's explosive clear call of a chelon; and from other doors came the taller fishmen in answer.

But the machinery stood between the two lanes, and Devilman had the advantage of the situation. Sea Flight was now in full view of his enemy, and as he stood there he heard his name repeatedly to his followers, drawing them with gestures of a living sphinx.

Then, instead of attacking, the tall fishman looked back the way they had come, and only a southerly glow remained by the doors.

The thought flashed into Stenhouse's mind that Sea Flight intended to make his enemies in the rear, but the thought was so stark and so full because of the danger to Cornwall. Backward he swung, and now his feet were so close that Davidson made a gasp at his heels as they dashed along his back.

Up came Cornwall's legs, crawling. He passed the head of the monster with barely a foot of clearance. Now he started in swinging back again; and once more Davidson began to catch him. Over now he fell.

So the movement went on, and every time Cornwall had to swing Davidson made an effort to catch him. Stenhouse and Kells stood back and there began to get on with as Davidson. But the latter was there and kept behind a great up-thrust pipe now when he leapt at Cornwall, and then his body flicked only for a split-second above the machinery.

By now Cornwall had increased his swing

so much that he came near to where Stenhouse and Kells stood. He pointed and waved one arm, signaling them that he intended to jump that way, must be prepared to catch. Their eyes flashed with excitement; but it was the only hope of saving their comrade.

They leaped then just ready for the final swing. Down came Cornwall in a great curve.

Now "I" yelled Kells. But Cornwall shook his head as he landed, spread past them, lowered, and then came down again.

Once more he dived towards Davidson, now more he curled up his legs as he passed the monster, once more he flew high just the fish men.

But this time there was a change. When he was at his greatest height, the highest part of the arc, his right hand tagged at his belt. He seemed to be lying flat out on the air above. He held the cable by one hand only. He found Davidson. If his hand slipped he would meet death under the peering machinery.

The swing started. Like a human peacock Davidson came down, legs straight, right hand swinging upward.

Devilman saw him and stood ready. This time he would catch the man as he wanted to fall. A gas was on his face as he watched. His huge arms that were like scales. Cornwall seemed to fall straight towards him, but, two yards from him, his right hand flung out.

But! He took full at the monster's head. Then, passing over the falling form of Davidson, he swung upward like a rocket.

"Now, I!" he roared, and although they could see him they knew that now was the time.

Would Cornwall judge his distance correctly? Only a practical athlete could do that, surely. Down he came again, and this time his hand unclung the cable when no more distance from his companion. The monster's curved his sword.

Stenhouse and Kells leaped themselves across.

They saw Cornwall descend upon them, and to their surprise he landed as gracefully as any teacher on a stage. There was no crash, no the sight was that any weapon might make in prying from a height. And Abel Cornwall came to rest between the arms of Kells and Stenhouse, a broad grin on his rugged features.

"It is an old trick," he said quickly. "I've done it often aboard ship. Swinging from a yardarm is what every seaman ought to practice. I got Davidson, so! Look at 'em now!"

There was Davidson, lying prone beside the control house, surrounded by his black men who stood so many feet out of danger. But it took more strength than they could muster, for their attention was focused on something else.

Sea Flight had left his friends while Cornwall was making his spectacular swing, and now they saw him again across the cavern.

* VAMPIRES OF THE DEEP

THINK he was, the tall form leaning his back against the dim light which the black men raised. The light fell on the ceiling, and now he was looking at the cave. Sea Flight had brought his bathhouse to which in the rear, so as to see Cornwall and stand at Davidson at the same moment.

The three men could not take part in the fight that ensued, and were compelled to act merely as spectators. Their fate was in the balance. If Davidson's forces won, they would never again see the light of day. If Sea Flight's fishmen were victorious, he had promised to show them the passage under the sea to South America.

It had to be admitted, too, that in the fury of battle the small black fishmen were (Read on in column one of next page)

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Continuing—

DEVILMAN OF THE DEEP

the better animals. They were ferocious, incapable of pity, bent to hardship under their own leader.

The first onslaught of Sea Flight's troops forced the blacks back to the very edge of the central base platform, but there the defenders rallied. They formed a solid phalanx around their fallen leader; then Stannum turned to his companions and yelled aloud a query.

Am I dreaming, or did I hear Devilman's voice?

They looked intently at the struggling forms. There was Sea Flight in the van, throwing his arms out with the swift precision of a boxer. He caught the blacks and threw them down before him. Now and then he lifted one and hurled him into the swirling night across the platform.

His men surged around and behind him, now trampling down the enemy, now leaping down by them. But always Sea Flight's face shone with the glow of battle and the enthusiasm of the thirty for which he fought. Thus the warriors, that led to his place in the ranks of the blacks seemed to have to a sudden stop. Not a man farther could Sea Flight's men thrust them. Again Stannum turned to his companions in amazement.

Cursewail shook his head indignantly. "I shot him square in the head!" he shouted. "I tell you I shot him fair and square!"

"I saw you," replied Kells at the top of his voice. "You shot him all right, but there are not men. Ah! Your bullets hit a solid shield, sent it through him. Remember how the Devilman rescued Sea Flight?" They have wonderful powers of control if they are treated at once after being wounded."

Again they heard the shout that seemed to breathe the survival of Devilman. Again the black legs crowded round the spot where he lay, and then an amazing thing happened.

Up from the midst of his black robe Devilman. He was on his knees. The blood that was his blood was dripping from the hole in his forehead. It blinded him, and his earlier hands kept moving across his face to take the fluid from his eyes.

And beside him were two black fish-men who seemed to be fastening their tiny heads on his head, stroking his brow and patting his cheeks.

"There they are, doing their magic work!" cried Kells. "It only we humans know the secret of these pits and moments!"

"I think I can guess something of what it is, Kells," replied Stannum. "These fish-men have a different base of life from us. We need guanine and nitrogen and proteins. They need? They haven't blood like us. They have a secret of life we don't have about. This is why they can live for centuries."

His explanation was drowned in the furious yells that suddenly arose above the thunder of the machinery. The blacks were charging their leader, and from another door more blacks were coming to the fray.

The door was set on the side of the rock wall of the cavern. It was from a fanged, clawed to head strength in the center register. It opened in the ground not far from the central house, and up came the most terrible things that ever man beheld.

They were fish-men, but stronger than

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either of the two opposing leaders. Blasted bodies, dirty prizes in colour, they seemed to be old men, shrunken and wasted by some terrible scourging. They were murdered in ten and three. Like an angry yellow lioness, they came from the forest and slashed the wall of rock, their suckers-stems holding them in place.

They crouched and squirmed upward, yapping like dogs, and each carried a tin. Then they passed the trophies upward to the black above and climbed up after them, never still for a moment, their sulphurous bodies seeming to be constantly jerking as if strung on live wires.

Their method of fighting, too, was different. They hang in the enemy with their teeth.

They were smaller than the blacks, but they had the power of chattering quickly and without, apparently, feeling any effort in the work.

And as these new combatants made their appearance, Devilman seemed to grow more strange. His terrible arms swept an open space in front of him. He crawled forward on his hands, thrusting his arms out and gathering his feet in a grip that was the grip of a man.

But for the thrilling moment of Sea Flight his arm would have broken, and would have laid before the new army. Yet Sea Flight rallied them and drew back a few paces before charging again.

Two more the rank moved him straight toward Devilman. For a moment they eyed each other and Devilman's lips stretched Sea Flight. He gained his high above his head to dash him down, but Sea Flight's hand clutched on Devilman's neck. The moment fell back with a scream of pain, and the tide of battle separated them.

"Let's see what can be done with these!" exclaimed Kells to his comrades. "We can work our way near to them if we go carefully. I have been watching a possible pathway."

They drew their gaze and follow of him. It

was a difficult question to decide among the machinery and then to mount again by rocks and cliffs, but at last they reached a peak where the light could be viewed clearly, and from there they took a hand in the battle.

These invaders spent time and time again, and the little yellow things dropped in they clanked from the pit, some of them tumbling back into the place of the former leader.

Cursewail kept his gun trained on Devilman's position. He was disappointed that his flying shot had not put an end to that monster and now he wanted to make sure. But Devilman was wrapped in a solid crowd of his blacks, and the movement of battle had him as a target.

All the more the Kellhouse's gun passed the tide of battle for the time being. The blacks moved across the platform towards a door. Devilman seemed to be carried with them, but whether he moved of his own volition could not be seen.

The doorway was quick, he disappeared through it, and the yellow things that had brought the trophies dropped back into their pit and disappeared.

Sea Flight passed forward, bailing at the head of his fish-men, whose ranks were sadly depleted. They had no trophies, no weapons but their suckers-stems. The bodies of the dead lay in their trail, but if Sea Flight's head had been thinned, the creature among the blacks and the yellow fish-men was far greater.

The light continued into the passages that had been thrown open, and the combatants vanished from view into the larger cave beyond.

But around the central house a few monstrous battle was still going, and to settle with the three men passed forward, changing their way through the maze of machinery. The tall fish-men had surrounded the central room and were attacking the enemy ranks, but the trophies were coming home among the attackers.

One after another Stannum, Kells and Cursewail reached the platform and thrust their way through the attackers, who as cleared them as friends and backed them as allies. The door of the house was open; the blacks and fish-men were attacking and backing faithfully.

The appearance of the three men seemed to give them to frantic efforts. They forced in a body and were about to rush the three, but their revolvers broke the rush and ended the resistance. Down went their trophies at the order of Stannum. In a moment the followers of Sea Flight had everyone pointed and his pistol.

The three men glowered around the platform. Bodies of fish-men were lying in all directions, dead and dying in heaps; but the bodies of the little yellow fish-men were the victims of the slaughter.

Were these fish-men all? They had hardly a trace of resemblance to men, yet they had hardly a trace of resemblance to fish either. Besides their arms, with yellow, striped skin, pointed heads, and mouths that were more human. And as Kells remembered these made of glass, their long, and clinging to their victims, he shuddered again and spinned a body with his foot.

For to see the secret of these creatures, they were vipers who drank the blood of their victims, yellow things that had the nature of the monster.

Even as the three men entered the cavernous blackness of the Devilman. The three straight Kellhouse met with terrifying adventures in and won't keep options of the continuing series. Don't miss it.

★ BOUND FOR MARS

JACQUES HAVARD looked at his completed rocket ship with a speculative eye. At last, after twenty years' hard work, it was ready for space.

In a sequestered little village in Southern France he had experimented during all those long years, and now his thoughts were of the great test, almost the end, when he would leave the Earth for the planet Mars.

He was on the point of adding a "fifelong" ambition. Not his desire was it to go to the Moon. He had studied that great golden orb, and had come to the terrible conclusion that it was really a dead world.

No air—no life. But Mars was, to him, full of promise.

Everyone outside his doors had come only towards him.

"Jacques. . ."

"Mary!"

Pale and ethereal, she stood looking at him. She loved Jacques, but he was unresponsive—he lived his work with an absorbing passion.

She was beautiful, but one thing alone

gave her that beauty—a scar across her brow, a reminder of the terrible accident which had

robbed her of her parents, when the airplane in which they

had been traveling be-

came a hurtling, roaring

massive of destruction,

and crashed to Earth in

the remote, peaceful

little village of Houdan,

in Southern France.

Rich Americans, these

had been on holiday

when the tragedy oc-

curred. The girl's

father had been an in-

ventor, and had made

his millions from man-

ufactured airplanes.

It was a strange twist

CATASTROPHE

ARMAGEDDON! The World Goes Mad to the Brink of Destruction. Final abroad and the End is Nigh. A gallant

of fate that had dropped Mary Lanower at the Havard's door, for the Havards had for three generations been inventors. The girl was the only survivor of the accident, and so Jacques' parents had adopted her.

After six months had passed, and the first homework agency had departed from Mary under the kindly and sympathetic care of the Havards, she had regained something of her former spirit, and had become the favored confidante of Jacques in his ambitions and dreams.

Jacques was thirty-eight years old, but from the day that he had left school thoughts of the other sex had scarcely intruded upon his consciousness.

Even Mary was unable to stir the interest in him, although in her more romantic moods she had envied it. . . . But it was useless, for he played all the leader into his work.

"Fate," said the girl, "is all along with the news of your coming departure."

"And how did Fate look?"

"Oh, so bright as ever!" smilingly re-

torted Mary. "Then she continued, more seriously: 'I have seen Gersheng, the

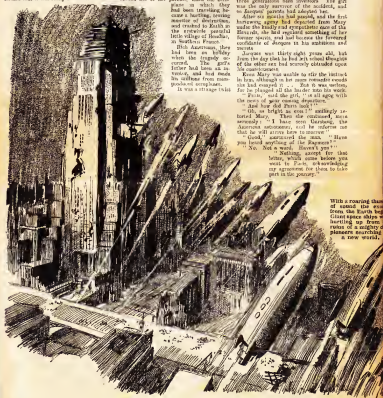
American astronomer, and he informs me that he will arrive here to-morrow.'"

"Good," murmured the girl. "Have you heard anything of the Russians?"

"No. Not a word, Haven't you?"

"Nothing, except for that letter, which came before you went to Paris, acknowledging my agreement for them to take part in the journey."

With a roaring thrash of speed the world from the Earth began. Giant space ships hurtling up from the ruins of a mighty of planets searching a new world.



MARS

Wars, Revolts, Lawlessness bring the Earth
the Sinister Spectre of the Plague walks
and sets out to Colonize the Planet Mars

"Do you think that they have backed out?"

"Them? No, five! No! You will not find them backing out after all the years they have spent in trying to make a rocket ship."

"True," agreed the girl.

"Mollheim has arrived," the man continued. "Have you met him yet?"

"No," replied the girl.

"Come up to the house then, and I will introduce you."

They were silent as they walked towards the house. Then Mary broke in.

"Do you remember Motter?"

"Motter? Why, of course. The man who constructed a ship in which to travel to the Moon. The trip ended in disastrous failure and resulted in his going mad."

"Yes," said the girl. "Motter was confined to an asylum, but yesterday he escaped."

"Escaped! Do you think that he has heard of our intended trip to Mars?"

"I am sure he has."

"Then we shall have to watch out for atom-bombs."

Mary laughed nervously.

"That is absurd. What chance have people of steering away on the ship when it is powered day and night?"

By this time they had entered the house, and on the hall stood a tall man, man of about thirty-five. It was the German, Mollheim.

"Mollheim," answered Jacques, "this is my friend, Mary."

The German smiled and came forward with outstretched hand.

"Having heard so much about you from my house, I am an old friend in English. I have been looking forward to meeting you."

For all the man appeared so pleasant, Mary took an instinctive dislike to him. But she concealed it, and took his outstretched hand.

"And now, if you have the time to spare," said the German to his host, I would be pleased if you would return me about your work."

"Certainly," replied Jacques. "Come into the lounge."

He waited until they were all comfortably seated in the lounge, and then began to talk.

"As you are doubtless aware," he said, "the world has been told that an attempt has been made to leave the Earth."

The first two have ended in failure. Fifteen years ago Professor Murray built a ship. His, like mine, was rocket propelled. As the night hours fell at the ship is sent it on its journey, a terrifying earthquake took place which wrecked it utterly, and many people who had gathered to see its departure were killed.

The second attempt took place three years

later. Ralph Motter, in the *Moonshot*, was to a height of twenty-four miles before dropping to Earth again. Motter alone was alive when the doors were forced open. His two companions, their bodies horribly contorted, lay where they had been hauled across the ship. Motter was insane, gibbering wordless words to his rescuers. He was confined to an asylum, from which he escaped yesterday."

"Two years after the attempt Breddins was intended, or rather discovered. Breddins, the metal which possesses the hardness of steel and yet is very light. The metal was discovered in strange circumstances. A terrific explosion took place in Italy, and from the bowels of the Earth came this strange substance which was so light and yet so abundant. It may appear strange to you that a substance as light should be so deep in the Earth, but nature has shown us strange things."

"I am pessimistic in the material, and poised to use it. There will be no need of tremendous explosives to start the ship on its journey. That is the fact that I am depending upon for the success of my flight to Mars. . . . Four more days, and the thing is a reality. . . . Here Mollheim."

The German smiled.

"Four more days," he repeated.

"At the present time," continued Jacques, "Mars is at a distance of approximately 40,000,000 miles. To reach our objective we shall have to attain a speed of 25,000 miles per hour. At that speed we shall reach Mars in sixty-seven days. In stocking the ship with the necessary provisions I have managed to pack enough to last seven months for a party of one hundred and fifty days. That allows an sixteen days on Mars."

"And that should be enough," murmured Mollheim.

"Yes. It will give us the necessary opportunity to see what we want. There is always a doubt about the air, though. But I am sure that it will be quite breathable, although it is certain to be much richer than ours."

Mollheim studied the inventor while he talked. Evidently the old, old desire of man for fresh waters to quench was in Mollheim. Earth was measured—every inch and every drop of it had been measured to the weightings of a credulous that was fast becoming buried with itself.

Even as the German studied Havock, so Mary studied Mollheim. She tried to find out why she did not like him, but could not. The dislike was purely instinctive.

Behind her she gazed out of the window to where, in the distance across the fields, he could see the dim shape of the space ship, surrounded by its massive framework which was to assist it into the void.

The first light from a smoggy Moon illuminated the scene, and all was wrapped in a pervading silence. But Havock knew that nearby were ten armed guards. He was talking to Jacques with the devoted attitude which was to assist it into the void.

The first light from a smoggy Moon illuminated the scene, and all was wrapped in a pervading silence. But Havock knew that nearby were ten armed guards. He was talking to Jacques with the devoted attitude which was to assist it into the void.

Indistinctly, he glanced up at the Moon. Clouds were creeping up from the horizon, ready to smother it.

Mollheim rose and pressed.

"I feel like returning, if you do not mind," he said.

Jacques looked at his guest. "Yes, do if you are tired."

Efficiently the German left the room.

"I think I'll go on bed, too," said Mary.

"I want to be ready early to meet the guests."

"All right. Good-night, Mary."

"Good night, Jacques."

Long after the girl had gone, Jacques stood gazing at the ship and the long, gleaming rails up which she would glide, until at last the threatening shadows reached the Moon, and the outer world was wrapped in darkness. Then he turned away.

"Four more days," he whispered to a grotesque face that peered and watched at him from a corner of the window recess.

★ "PROGRESSA" GOES UP

IT was four days later, and gathered to together under the roof of the Havocks were some of the most distinguished scientists the world has ever known.

The scene resembled in the soft music of France's most famous dance band, playing at the famous party.

Jacques was driving his attention alternately between Guitting and the reporter for *The World News*. Obviously he would look a little tired. . . . Mary was dancing with Mollheim, most alert and alone, watching his show.

She danced beautifully, he noticed. He dared not ask her for a dance, for he was afraid of being noticed—he could sense her defiance of him. . . . Now she was dancing with Meyer, the American.

Yes, it was a gathering of notables, Mollheim thought. In himself, his eyes taking another trend. He picked out his fellow-foreigners.

Jacques, the king-pin of the whole affair, on whom all their eyes would depend in the coming weeks. . . . Germany, the famous American astronomer, who had fled from America to go on this journey.

America was well represented, Guitting, Mary and the Russian pair—Murtin and Doris, brother and sister, both of whom had spent years building their space ship (though neither was yet thirty, only to meet with failure, for their new flight was half-complete.

In the far corner of the room, alone, stood Henri, the man who had worked with Jacques for the last eight years. Before that he had worked in the Lyons Engineering Company, the largest engineering firm in France, and prior to that he had helped Mollheim to build his first space ship. . . . He carried himself like a young man.

That completed the ship's staff, with the exception of himself. He, Mollheim, was to act as recorder on this expedition. He was famous the world over for his adopted explanation of the last century. . . . It was said that he could sense any amount of heat.

Suddenly, people who knew his reputation, called him "The Devil." It was a motto of which he was proud. He was never more pleased than when someone thus named him in his honor.

The heads of the clock kept incessantly round. Havock's glasses at it became more frequent. Finally he looked at it, then signalled to the conductor.

The wall of the dance music died to silence. Then the crashing heels of the "New World Symphony."

Picture the scene at that quiet little village of Roudier, in Southern France—the scene at the field from which the flight was to take place.

Swearing multitudes of people which threatened to break the fence which had been erected to keep them back, and who had started the office by the singing of old ballads, the space ship gleaming silver, with the name *Progressa* in large letters across its side, the large framework which surrounded it, and the long, shining rails which they opened out at the end; the huge lights which shined up over all about, the little group of figures which composed the chief actors in the drama which was now being unfolded.

Harold, quiet and unassuming, wore for the glasses in his eyes which looked of supposed excitement. Henri, the old Frenchman who was not known by any other name, and who had no other interest in his than the machine, save, perhaps, a fondness for his mother's Guitting, the American astronomer, betraying a slightly nervous excitement; Mollheim, serene and smiling, and obviously unaffected by the preparations for departure, even though within the next thirty minutes he might be dead. . . . Mary, looking wonderfully at Henri, for whom she had



A Madman Found in the Space Ship

suddenly convulsed an overboard. Master Bayner, stout and lumbering like his sister, loomed, laughing and talking like a child going on holiday, and the others who stood facing a hall void with three before they departed.

The signal for time was at that given, and our boy was the party of seven entered the ship. The others dropped back to the safety-line as the doors were closed.

These minutes passed—an eternity of time to the watching spectators. The world was hushed, waiting . . . A hysterical woman screamed . . . The time clock relaxed . . . Suddenly a wall was heard—a thin note that rose to a piercing crescendo of sound as the ship appeared to glide slowly along the rails. With a gasp of expectation the crowd leaned forward.

Faster . . . Faster . . . Now it had reached the top of the incline . . . Suddenly the staccato sound of the exploding rockets was heard . . .

Suddenly, with awe-muzzling speed, the rocket rose into the air to become but a speck and then to disappear from sight.

A tone burst from the crowd, a cry of excitement. Nearly two left, the two lights died out, and all was darkness, and silence . . . Silence, were for the yells and curses of one man who staggered along the road and shook his feet impotently at the sky.

It was Henri, and yet Henri was in the ship with the others . . .

★ THE JOURNEY THROUGH SPACE

THIS is the official statement written out by Matheson, according to the expedition:

On leaving the Earth, I, too, was much attracted by the speed we soon picked up. We expected a disagreeable landing as we fought against the Earth's gravitation. The pressure became awful, and I could hardly raise my head to look at the speedometer in front of which Henri sat, as it curved on all fours.

Already the gauge registered 35,000 miles per hour! As I watched, it steadily increased to 50,000 miles per hour. The space ship seemed as if it were being torn apart. The metal groaned and creaked with the tremendous strain until I thought it would break and flatter out, then dip to Earth again.

Suddenly the pressure ceased, and was gone. I do not suppose that the metal had taken a few moments to occur, but it had seemed an eternity. With a great sensation of relief the vomiting feeling passed, to be succeeded by lividity. With the departure of pressure, the meter of the pump had leaped forward to 30,000 miles per hour!

But even as I looked, Henri threw over a beam, and the sound of the rockets died out. Gradually, very gradually, the speed diminished. The pulsing of hearts was audible with the silencing of the rockets—I do not doubt that my own was beating fast at the time.

I think that Bayner was the first to attempt to rise and walk about. He seemed surprised as he stumbled about the open space as to be shaken out of his cabin, and leapt lightly and lightly. This so surprised Mary that she turned fearful eyes on me, as if she thought I was doing something desperate.

It was then I noticed the silence of Henri. The puller of his face showed that all was not well with him. I had spent five years in the study of Anatomy, so I went down to him to see what was wrong. It was the strain that had affected him.

"Get me some water," I cried to Mary, who was watching closely.

She brought me a small jugful, and I bathed Henri's face. Then a strange thing occurred. His muscles twitched off! My excitement attracted the attention of Bayner, and he came and looked.

"That is not Henri!" he cried in a shocked voice.

"Then who is it?" I asked.

No one answered this, but the old Mary turned a look of understanding to Henri. The man who was not Henri appeared his eyes.

"Are we on the journey?" he asked.

"We are," I replied. "Who are you?"

The man laughed wildly.

"I have done it! You could not fool me!"

I said, "Henri?"

"Mother!"

"Yes! That is my name. Doubtless you have heard of me!" He turned his head to Henri. "So you are the man who has made a voyage which is to travel through space!"

"Yes!"

"Why am I a fool?" asked Henri.

"A fool for attempting to travel to Mars!"

"Do you not know the distance?" Compared with the distance to Mars, the distance to the Moon is nothing!"

"Yes, but there is as life on the Moon."

"Life? What do you want with life?"

"What life?" "None!" A struggle!"

"There is Henri!" asked Henri.

"What have you done with life?"

"Your friend to get life!" Muttered.

"I left him dead up to a hour."

"He will be free now, and no doubt coming at the last opportunity."

Henri turned away. He could see that it was to me nothing but this man.

"What do you think?"

"What do you think?"

"Strange things!" he whispered, knowingly. "Strange things, and good!"

"Gold!" The word leapt from his lips with the full propulsion of around his honest belief. "Gold . . . I looked at the others."

"What makes you think that there is gold in the Moon?" I asked Henri.

"Gold! I know! I have studied the Moon long enough, I know when I was in that place when they killed me and told me that I was insane. I know there is gold in it!"

I turned to Henri, who was busy making calculations.

"Henri! Is there gold on the Moon?"

"How should I know?" he asked.

I was at a loss now. Suddenly an announcement from the pilot startled me. Bayner had told the Professor, coming from the windows in the rear, and looking through them, we could see the Earth blackly silhouetted against the Sun. At first it was a thin line, then the more illuminated the ship and made the artificial light seem as nothing in comparison.

But what a feeling it caused in the pit of my stomach. We were out in infinitesimal space in a vast world of air, with nothing solid beneath our feet! Each movement was awkward, and several long things were drifting about the room.

The dazzling light of the Sun was almost unbearable, so Bayner closed the shutters. Even so he did so, Henri opened the front door, and about before we lay the Moon, its glorious splendor.

"The Moon!" cried Mutter.

"The Moon?"

"Incredible!" and Henri, edily.

"This journey is ridiculous, and there can be no turning back! That would mean disaster!"

"Do you think that I have just come from an extraordinary place?" He did try to fool me! I have built a ship like this. I know the you are alone. What about the project?"

"If you fear them at one side, you could turn the ship round, if you do."

Henri was silent. I thought of possibilities. Would any of them back me up if I suggested turning to the Moon? Mutter would not see. But he would be in a bad way of control of the ship. I looked at the others. Guetling, perhaps. No. He was silent, gazing out of the stars and planets he was seeing clearly for the first time.

Suddenly I abandoned the project. And so we slid on through the vast gulfs of

space, mountainside waiting period after waiting period, with the silence of death around us and the uncertainty that I only felt in space.

At one time alone the momentum was broken by air passing through a cloud of wreckage, which threatened to crash on the little world to fragments.

It was a relief when we were finally through them. The things will ever be a menace to space travel.

To relieve the dull monotony which we had anticipated, we had taken a lot of books to read, and we also played cards. Thus we continued to while away the tedious time.

Until at last the Red World began to loom close beneath us, and our speed increased as we encountered its gravitational pull. The planet grew closer, filling the entire hemisphere with its disk. Everything loose had now come to a standstill on what had been the front end of the ship. We continued were pulled to that part, and had to cling to the rail.

Hours three, his weight against a beam. Came a sudden roar from the front of the ship, and our speed slackened considerably. Another beam pulled, and another row of rockets whirled as they were released. Even as they left the ship there came a violent crash, and we pitched back over heels on top of each other amidst a pile of wreckage.

I just missed the explosion of the light bulb as something fell at us, just before we reached it, and then all was darkness, and for the time I have no more. The journey had ended.

★ DREAD SNAKES OF MARS

MOLLIERER continues his narrative.

When I awoke consciousness I found myself lying with my feet to the front end of the ship.

Next I saw two big Guetling, still unconscious. The others seemed in a similar predicament to myself. All except Henri, who was above us, smoking to a valve at the side.

These around me who were awake, I noticed, were holding their heads in a way which suggested a bad headache. Instantly I noticed that I had a bad headache, and that it was rapidly getting worse.

A violent pain filled the ship, and I looked again at Henri. Air was entering our way of leaving.

With a cry Henri turned to us.

"Turn on!" he shouted.

True enough, it was. Now we could feel it creeping over us in waves. Like snags, my headache faded.

Henri commenced unfastening the door-latches.

"And a snake!" I gasped. "Is that all?"

"We do not know what there is to contend with on Mars!"

Henri noticed, and his attention to the view plates which adjoined the door.

The view plates, which were now dimly visible, had no air given in illumination.

Apparently Henri had spent their when he returned consciousness.

I joined Henri at the view plates on the side, and we gazed out on an uncomprehending page of red sand. Not a sign of life visible anywhere.

"Are we going out?" I asked Henri.

He nodded.

"Yes, but we will see ourselves first!"

The others had all by now wakened, and were gazing out at the sand. Henri explained all the more except Mutter with him, and to the two women he gave reassurance.

Before ready, we opened the doors, and dropped out one by one on to Marsian soil—and that is Earthman had stepped on before.

It was a silent world as entered. Even as we fell, gently, and then stood almost as soon as we touched ground.

How badly we felt! After being cooped

up to the open ship all that time it was a sight to disconcert. A shock was in store for us, however.

"Look!" screamed Mary. Under the glare of a cold sitting on a glistening object was creeping towards us. Its appearance was something similar to that of a centipede, save for the fact that it was about eight feet long and more snake-like. It was the most repulsive thing that I have ever seen. As far as I can remember it had twelve legs.

But at the time I did not feel like studying what measure of creature it was. The thing was too close for comfort. Its jaws were already beginning to snap as if in anticipation of a feast. As it moved the head lifted, and in it was left a track such as a snail makes.

The Raper gal sailed her revolver and fired point-blank at its head. It did not even have time to yell before it died, assuming the thing could yell. We had an omen of something.

Harold and Raper went forward to investigate the body, but I cannot say that I was particularly interested in it.

Instead, I looked to see if there were any more of the things about. But all was still and silent under the cold sky.

Then I paid more attention to our surroundings. We were on the verge of a desert which stretched immeasurably into the distance. On one side was a very high cresting, these array of plain trees that were higher than any on Earth. The strange thing about them was their color—the leaves were like copper.

Mingled with the trees was a peculiar pale brown undergrowth—looked like stuff.

A steady drizzling rain itself heard, which none of us could define. For a while we stood listening. At intervals we could hear a distant cry of— "La-ah! La-ah!"

"Quick!" cried Raper. "Back into the ship."

Even as I spoke I saw the things approaching from the woods. There were masses of them. Harriedly we scrambled into the ship.

"Get down!" Even before we had made fast the doors the ship was surrounded with them. And the gleam of twilight lay over the world.

Finally with the setting of the Sun a wind had sprung up, for we could see the wind eddies and lifting in places. Or was it some form of life that was rising itself from liberation under the wind? It could not tell, for the shades of night swept the world, and we could no longer see anything, not even the smoke.

Harold stumbled round in the dark, seeking a bulk to replace the broken one. It was more pleasant when he at last succeeded in finding one.

With the gleam of it the things round the ship disappeared. We opened all the windows and were able to see a fair distance around us. Overhead the sky was liberally sprinkled with stars. All the old familiar constellations had gone, unrecognizable from this world.

A brilliant, though small object appeared above the horizon. "Deimos?" cried Harold, reaching to the nearest view plate. I sat on a cot, however, but his remark interested me.

"What is Deimos?" I asked. "One of the two satellites of Mars," he replied. "Deimos and Phobos are the two moons of Mars."

"Where is Phobos?" "It has not yet risen."

"It has not yet risen?" "It has not yet risen," he said. "It has not yet risen."

"Yes, and more than that. But look!" he cried, pointing through the opposite window.

A brilliant object was rising, and rising fast, too.

"Is that Phobos?" I asked. "Yes," answered Harold. "Deimos."

Mad with rage, Raper swung his rifle and clubbed his way through the hideous Martians. The creatures fell like ninetails before his terrible onslaught.



"All right, then. Fire away."

There was a sudden confusion under the wind, and the ship gave a convulsive lurch, then leveled and a spray of disturbed sand.

Its position was hardly ideal even then, but it would have to do. We made ourselves as comfortable as possible, with the exception of Harold, who was preparing himself for a evening's star gazing.

Harold switched off the light, and almost instantly the ship, hidden only by the smoke of Mars and the occasional movements of the Martians.

Overpowered with thoughts of this strange world into which we had ventured, it was a long time before I could sleep. Even when I did so, I was haunted by nightmares in which the Martians under perished as over an endless desert.

★ MAN-EATING FLOWERS

MOLLIER'S story continues: "When I awoke the Martians were breaking."

Harold had fallen asleep, his hands on the floor beside him. The others still slept. I did not know if the girls were awake, for they occupied a different section of the ship, of course.

Grim Jests of Nature on the Red Planet

A sense of incongruity struck me; a sense, even, a belief that all this was very silly and

Men and Women Lost on Mars

possible; that the whole affair was nothing but a dream and that I should waken to find myself in the space ship. But it was no dream; it was stark reality and high time that we were out of this forest. With a look at the others I had the way, and soon we were crawling blindly through the people, looking in the right direction, and we never halted until we were outside.

There we passed against. The plants had long since passed their flowering, and were withering their seeds. The whole plain was covered with a tangled mass of vegetation, a confused jumble of living and dead plants. Their stems were falling as they finished growing.

About a hundred yards away lay the space ship, and most strange of all in sight of being was more pleasant than we were when we saw the ship.

"What are we going to do?" he asked. "We cannot do anything until we move," replied Raymond, pointing at the smoking sun. Mary indicated the dancing flames, creeping nearer.

At the sight of that, we were galvanized into activity. The next ten or fifteen minutes we spent waiting on the plain, and thinking them as far as we could. The sun grew very hot as the flames crept nearer. But by the time they reached us we had cleared a large tract all round the ship. We entered it and delivered the doors as the smoke whirled round us.

Soon it was impossible to see out for the smoke. For about twenty minutes the hatch, then a wall started to spring up, for the smoke whirled rapidly, and finally was blown away.

The dead shells on the ground were swept

So we stood and equipped ourselves ready for a few days' stay, as usual.

It was decided to leave in one or two days of the ship, one party was too small to divide up again. We would look the ship.

Then we did, and eventually we set off on the trail of the missing men. I was a bit puzzled as to where the men had gone, but I guessed that they must be somewhere on their backs, and deep down the day.

We struck the trail the instant we entered the forest, for there was no mistaking the covering of the crushed undergrowth. After following the trail we went about half a mile, we got our first glimpse of a Martian.

It did not surprise us that there should be Martians, because it was obvious that some intelligence had captured our spaceship, and we expected that intelligence to walk on two legs and look something like a man.

But the thing we now looked upon was like a man, yet at the same time it was a grotesque variety of man.

I began the thing we saw. It had no head, but it a body was in two parts, the upper of which was slightly smaller than the lower part. In the upper part were a pair of eyes set very distant from each other—almost where a man's ears are.

Attached to the lower part of the body were two legs, very thin and spindly. Just above these were a couple of stumps; it is the only word that will describe them. They were not arms. In length they were about a foot, and at the ends were split into two parts. Instead of hands there were just these two divisions, similar to the claws of a crab.

And that was the thing that faced us. The whole of it rattled a noise like "Gha-ght."

We made a move to seize it, but instantly it turned our attention and sped away. I cannot say that it ran or walked—the thing did neither. It just "hopped." There is no other way of describing the peculiar sideways movement these Martians make, and the queer leap that accompanied each move. I imagine that the reason it ran sideways was for it to enable them both before and behind.

The track we had been following now branched into a host of tracks, and rather cautiously we went down this, or often that, gradually we reached the Martians' living quarters the trees of us. It was strange to find that alien intelligence watching, and I wondered exactly what kind of weapons they had.

Although we came to an open space, and I was filled with a sense of approaching danger, but could do nothing to cause it. Then, while we were crossing this clearing, a brilliant light played over us. Came a devastating wave so with appalling audibility an electric storm burst over us.

A black rain swept the sky, yellow cold, and rain began to fall, growing heavier and heavier in volume.

White streaks of lightning struck our right, and we hurried for the comparative shelter of the trees.

"It appears as if we may have to stay on Mars," said Raymond.

"Why?" I asked.

"If this lightning touches the ship . . ."

"Oh! It is not lightning, proof, then?"

"No. Definitely cannot be made lightning-proof."



Across the waste we trooped, but never a word (none ever paid notice to us, no greeting at sight of our citizens.

But a snarl of baying filled the air, and in the distance floated a blue haze of smoke.

"This wolf is baying!" cried Raymond. "What about winning reaches the ship?" We shall be answered with the best of us."

"We will clear a space so that it cannot approach near enough," answered Raymond. "That is about all that we can do."

We reached the ship, which somehow had the appearance of an empty house.

"I cannot understand it," Raymond said. "They ought to have seen us by now."

There we knew that something had happened to our ship, for all round the ship were marks of a struggle. The doors were ground open, evidence of a hasty departure. Inside were signs of a hurried search and several things were missing. One window stood wide as a door of the death of Boris Raymond and Gerald. I stole a glance at her body. Her face was very white.

stood in a corner, and finally the strong sun shone on a desert which had no sign of life as it.

Tired out by our adventures, we soon fell asleep. All except Raymond, who was looking out of the window every time that it awoke during the night. From the noise outside I guessed that the noise had come back, but I did not trouble to look.

* CAPTURED BY THE MARTIANS

MALHEIMET goes on with his report. The next morning found us all up and about as before, eyed by a worried Martian to mark the words.

Malheimet was pained our taste. First, we would make for the land at its nearest point to the ship. It was obvious that they would be in the forest, whether they were alive or dead. It was the only place they could have, as to be seen taken in.

The Fight with the Martian Devils

As sharply as it had struck, the storm ceased. The lights died away, and the sky brightened. At the same time the Martians rushed towards us, too many to fight. It was a surprise attack, and the whole thing was over in a couple of minutes.

They picked us up and carried us away, then threw us into our beds. I got had time to catch a glimpse of Rayner lying on the ground, very still and silent.

As we were carried, the sound of drums beating beside came louder and louder. The journey continued for a long time, and at last we reached our quarters, dumped on down. I thought that we were at the end of our journey, but I was wrong. Our captors pointed to the mouth of a cave and indicated us to enter.

Moving on alone, we did as we were bidden, and entered the dark opening. Guided by the flashes and puffs of the Martians, we were forced to continue along the tunnel. The faint light from the entrance died out, and we proceeded in total darkness.

Apparently the Martians had the faculty of seeing in the dark, or they were so used to the tunnel that they needed no light, for they kept on moving at a fair speed.

But everything ended, and we at length entered a large cave, which was fairly illuminated by what seemed to be a phosphorescent light.

In the center of this cave was a pit, and it was from here that the light seemed to emanate. I looked over the edge, curious, even though my eyes seemed right to my last.

It was so deep that I could not see the bottom, but from it came that glow of light. A horrible smell rose from it also, and, disgusted, I turned away.

Our journey was not yet ended, for once again our captors urged us to another cave which led in the opposite direction. A dim light pervaded this tunnel, though we were now blind.

"Cancelled light," whispered Howard. The tunnel began to assume large proportions, and suddenly we were in a great hall. The walls shivered with a strange vibration.

With the passing of a hidden switch by one of the Martians, a door slid open in one wall, and the light died out of it. That was the first time that the light was extinguished, and when the door was opened the vision was broken. I was beginning to have a respect for the Martians. They were certainly very clever.

We were ushered through the wall, and I took note of its thickness. It was fully three feet thick. The door had entirely disappeared.

Thus the room we entered seemed my attention. It had an area of about thirty feet, while it rose to an unaccountable height. I judged that there was some special device about the height, one could not tell when the walls moved and the ceiling began.

All the walls of this room glowed with the concealed lighting except for the one through which we had just passed. The Martians closed the door, and the wall instantly sprang into light.

It struck me that there was not much chance of escaping—the extinguishing of the light would allow the Martians, even if we knew the position of the switches. I looked at the other Martians who were in this room—the ones who were not our captors.

There were seven of them, and they were seated on a kind of raised disk at one end of the room. Calmly they surveyed us. Our captors were talking to them now—evidently it was speech that passed between them—and this resulted in two of our captives going out.

As they were going, some more Martians entered, carrying on guns. I felt under my arm and was thankful for the presence of my small revolver.

The seven held out their arms for the

edges, and each one began to examine them carefully. What I expected happened. One fired, and a wall was played into darkness as the bullet hit it.

The sudden noise caused the Martians to scream with fear, and I noticed that they had the guns very curiously now—so curiously that they put their faces and studied them from a distance. Apparently, they gazed at the blank wall.

My train of thought was broken off by the entrance of the two Martians with Peter Rayner and Gerding. I was astonished that they were still alive. The others greeted them with satisfaction.

I took a look at the Martians again. They were watching us intently, and conversing in low tones. At the back of the conversation they came to some decision, for the ones who had captured us took us through another door.

We were led and followed into another room, and then the Martians went out, leaving us as in our thoughts. They were not too cheerful, though we had something to be thankful for, and that is the fact that we are still alive.

And here I am, writing this, though I do not think that it will be used by anyone. I do not expect any of us will get away. If we do, I shall rewrite this most interestingly.

Now Mollweiser's narrative comes to an end.

* THE FLIGHT FROM THE RED WORLD

RAYNER opened his eyes, aware of a vague discomfort in his back. He bristled up, as he turned over, and became conscious of his surroundings.

The Martians! They were a second or two before their reaction came. He looked at the others, which he grabbed his back, and was relieved to see that it was a life. A glance around him that it was loaded, and he rose, feeling rather happy.

Suddenly he had been struck out and then left for dead. His friends had disappeared, he noticed. He felt an intense black rage against the Martians, and followed the crooked undergrowth to where it passed the path.

He looked back, feeling how the right was and murder in his heart. And as it length he came to the cave entrance. It was very dark inside, but to a man filled with a lust to kill that was nothing.

Undoubtedly, he came to the pit, and recoiled sharply as the creek, vile smell from it reached him.

The illuminated passage opposite inevitably drew his attention, and he entered it. The noise of approaching Martians came towards him, and, filled with a strange and terrible glow, he detected his risk. Suddenly he met them. He just stood one shot, a shot that bounced and echoed from the walls, and recoiled from one side to the other, and then he lay among his wife's dead, and was choking his way through the Martians.

Under that desperate attack the creatures fell like grapes, and as a coward he was alive, with his dead at his feet.

Sobered, he commenced his career until he in turn reached the passage end. And as it was that he came once his friends, with two Martians guarding them.

The startled Martians had barely time to turn around before their lives were snuffed the flame.

"Come!" cried Rayner. "The way is clear!"

The others, surprised at this apparition which had burst upon them, followed at he turned to go. They passed through the illuminated passage, and into the cave of the pit. And it was there that the leg fight took place.

I would like to tell of this as an epic; of a saga of brave deeds; and meet the Martians with glorious characters, and tell a

story of how fate smiled weapons. But I believe as to tell the tale. When they reached the cave of the pit further progress was blocked by a mob of Martians. I believe clearly the place was a mine of fighting before.

Mollweiser, with pointed lips, fought like a fiend. To May he looked the possession of the devil. The two fought by the wall, with one man in a minute round them. And even the Martians looked out of the passages, and died. . . It was strange to the Martians that they could never get out, at least, not by the way they had entered.

Howard called out above the tumult: "Follow me!"

The others watched, and saw him fly for the entrance to another tunnel, and they ceased fighting to follow.

The way was surprisingly clear of Martians, which led the travelers to believe that it was a blind alley. But up it went until the exhausted travelers could hardly walk, and, at a cave that glowed with phosphorescent light, they halted.

"Where is Howard?" gasped Rayner. "May come a thought of the pit, a vision of a man falling down, and screaming as he fell."

"I am certain that he was with us coming along this passage," said Mollweiser.

"It will be right outside," Howard remembered presently. "We should have to stay here until dawn."

"How shall we know when it is dawn?" asked Howard.

"We shall be able to see some light."

"There was darkness for a while, the party listening for the footsteps of Gerding, footsteps that were absent."

"Someone will have to guard while the others sleep," Howard said. "Well, let us do two-hour turns," Rayner suggested. "We can judge two hours apart enough."

"That is right," Mollweiser agreed. "I will do the first two hours, if you wish."

"The others can rest," Howard requested.

"I will," answered Mollweiser, taking up his arms, and filling it from a ragged-looking tobacco pouch. "I wish they were tobacco here," he added.

So one answered. The others were already falling asleep.

Mollweiser hunched softly a few lines of "Lieberman" while he gazed at the sleeping form of May.

A sudden noise directed his attention from her, and suddenly he arose, and hastened round the cave.

Howard awoke, and rubbed his eyes. The next moment he sat up, and looked about him. Who was up guard? Where was Mollweiser? A gleam of light from above drew his attention. He felt convinced that it was daylight. Quickly he awoke the others.

"Where is Mollweiser?" asked Rayner.

"I do not know," replied Howard. "He should have awakened me after two hours, but he never did."

"We must go searching for him, see Gerding's other. If the Martians have got them, they will certainly kill them this time."

Howard said: "Listen, how they came."

"There was the noise of approaching Martians."

"But we cannot leave them in the dark," protested Rayner.

"No, of course not. But do you not realize that Mollweiser has taken the only rifle, leaving us unarmed? We shall have to arm ourselves before we can do anything."

Rayner nodded.

"We cannot risk fighting with the guns with us," Howard continued, "and now we shall have to climb up there."

Howard looked up. "Is it possible?" he asked.

"It will have to be, for the Martians are coming."

Can it be DONE?

Ideas for Inventors

"Why not take that passage up there?" If we follow it, we may eventually reach the surface."

"All right. We will try it. But I wonder where Malheur is?"

Rayner took a last look round the cave, and bent to pick something up from the floor.

"Malheur's notebook," he said.

The Martians were close now, so without waiting any more time the party began climbing the path.

"A good sign," whispered Rayner, "that we must be getting nearer the surface. It is steep."

Higher they climbed, and at last the daylight burst upon them. They found themselves in the jungle. But what caused them the most joy was the appearance of the peak, the electrical one which they had first visited.

"I wonder if Malheur was back to look for Gustav?" suggested Mary.

"No, I hardly think that he would have done so without informing us," answered Edward.

"Well, what do you think has happened to him?"

"That something drew his attention, and he went to see what it was."

"Perhaps he is just somewhere in the jungle."

"Or perhaps the Martians have him."

The girl shivered. "That will mean death."

"Yes, I am afraid that it will."

Now they were in sight of the open ship. Apparently it had not been tampered with.

"At least we have the ship left," remarked Rayner.

Our first duty is to run ourselves and find a compass," said Edward. "But we shall have to get something, or —"

He paused. The door of the ship was open. With a look at the others he swept forward, and looked into the ship. But no sign of life greeted him.

Edward went in and searched the ship carefully. The others entered, and he turned to them.

"We have a very intelligent race to fight against."

"What is wrong, Rayner?" asked the girl.

"Our ship has been taken."

"Anything else?"

"No. At least, I do not think so. But wait a moment. I'll go and look in the large cupboard in which the food for the journey was stored. The stock was depleted, because had taken food from it."

Rayner, whooped the warning, "It is doubtful if we have food enough to last the return journey."

"What?"

"I don't if we have enough for four. Certainly not enough for six or six."

"What means someone will have to stay."

"Just so."

"What do you suggest we do?"

"That I suggest owners of direction of our compass, but I am not so other way."

You mean that we should return at once to Earth?"

"Yes."

"But —"

"Listen. What can we do to help those that? We have no weapons, and we haven't much food. If we can get some of the food of Mars, but we might only poison ourselves with it. The only way is for us to leave the planet."

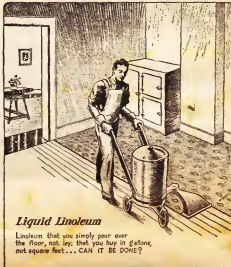
"And then come back again?"

"Of course. That is, assuming we reach Earth safely."

The others were silent. Outside the ship was a sudden noise. "Quick!" cried Edward to Rayner. "Close the door!"

Rayner did as he was directed, sliding the plate into place. Edward slid open the view-plate in the door. Outside stood a group of Martians clamoring to get into the ship.

Edward went to the controls, and next moment the crowd of Martians were started



Liquid Linoleum

Linoleum that you simply pour over the floor, not lay; that you buy in gallons, not square feet... CAN IT BE DONE?

Linoleum is such a filthy to lay, though if you could buy it by the gallon and spread it on the floor where it would dry hard, it is worth possible it would mean with better success. Have a further idea that would be better. On page 365 we tell you how you can have YOUR floor laid right.

by the explosion of rockets and scattered in all directions.

The ship gave a violent lurch, rose a few yards, then fell again. Once more there was a concussion, and the ship moved once.

Then with a terrific roar it shot into the air, leaving a great mass of flaming sand, and disappeared where it had come.

The world of Mars was silent. . . .

THE WORLD GOES MAD

MOST of my readers will be unable to imagine the confusion which preceded our flight at the close of its terrible London's Century.

War was an ever present danger—no country could agree with the others. The world was divided into confusion, each with a different Government and each with different laws.

And those laws were as if made to break. Corruption and bribery were evident everywhere. Those who should have been upholders of the law were paid large sums of money by the lawbreakers so that they would not interfere with the activities of the law breakers.

There gradually crept into life a sense of peace—a kind sense of morality. More showed patients and thieves fell to dust. In one day a started morally endeavor to control the people and prevent the disorganization which was just beginning.

A machine gave notice to the Government of Great Britain that if they did not allow foreign ships to be superior rules of their country, he would then the largest city in Britain off the map. The Government ignored him.

True to his word, half London was shattered by a powerful and unknown explosion. . . . Millions perished. . . .

Again came the warning. The Government took no notice, though threatened by an angry population. . . .

Birmingham was half ruined. Then came another great earthquake from the largest cities by their frantic inhabitants. A second of the thousand pounds was offered for the capture of the leader, but was also claimed. . . .

A third city was wrecked. Civil war broke out between the people and their rulers. After fifteen days of wild bloodshed, the Government resigned, and the leader was informed of the country's misdeeds.

Tranquilizing he came out into the open, and revealed himself as Marshall, a famous scientist.

For two days he ruled as unopposed and unopposed King of Britain, then he died suddenly and horribly. . . . His secret exploded died with him.

Blood unceasing poured over the country, and with songs of war on their lips neighbors fought neighbors.

Here's a SCOOP

The Poison Belt

HERE'S A SCOOP!
We take great pleasure in announcing that next week we will present to you one of the greatest Science Stories ever written—"The Poison Belt," by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, the world's master of Future Science Fiction.

Professor Challenger, the amazing scientist who discovered "The Lost World," is the hero of this great story. The world swarms into a stream, or poison belt, of ether, and continents of Sulphur, the tide of death creeps slowly over the whole earth.

It is Amazing! Boggling! Thrilling!
There is bound to be a great demand for next week's issue, so place a definite order with your newsagent now, and make sure of your copy.

THE POISON BELT. . . . By Sir A. CONAN DOYLE. . . . in SCOOPS next week.

Readers Want a Science Circle

LETTERS from readers pour into our office every post—letters of praise, criticism, suggestion, and, of course, a whole host asking for information concerning our phase of science or science fiction.

We welcome them all.
Some of the letters are from young readers—boys about to leave school—who realize the important part their science will play in the world of the very near future—but the majority of the letters come from young men who have already taken their place in the world of industry and have had experience of the tremendous influence and power science is wielding in everyday life. Men of ripe years and experience are also among our readers and correspondents. They have seen the rapid development of science within the last twenty years and therefore realize its importance.

In its popular presentation of science facts and fiction *SCOOPS* stands in a class all its own. Its articles and stories offer a wide field for discussion, so it is not surprising that hundreds of readers have asked us to form a Science Circle.

We ourselves have had the idea for some time. We had vision of a circle which would link readers together by putting them in touch with one another, so that a reader interested in space travel, for example, at Liverpool, might correspond with a reader with a similar interest living at Paleyton.

We had vision of local Science Circles affiliated to one central organization, these circles meeting for discussion. We envisioned special meetings of members to hear addresses by well-known scientists.

All these things are possible in the future if our readers are enthusiastic and will support such a scheme.

What do you think? We should like to have the personal opinion of readers.

The Readers' Page

So many of you have asked for a *Readers' Page*, that it is a page where readers' ideas and suggestions will be given the light of day, that we have decided to start such a feature immediately. Next week we shall

print a collection of letters giving readers' views on space travel.

If you have any ideas on science development or suggestions to make regarding *SCOOPS*, please put them down on paper and post them to us. The names and addresses of the senders of published letters will be printed underneath letters. At for any reason you do not want your name published please send a *non de plume*.

Longer Stories

IN response to the continued requests of readers, we have included a book-length story, "Catalyst," in this issue.

Since so many have asked for longer stories, we would welcome the opinion of other readers on the new departure.

One book-length story or two short stories—which will appeal to you most? Send a postcard.

Owing to the length of "Catalyst," we have been unable to include the story "Scenes of Space," which was promised last week.

It will, however, appear next week.

Light Slows Up

CAN it be that the world will end in darkness?

The End of the World has always been a favorite "playground" for prophets, and



on many occasions they have attempted to state it by some definite statement as to the proximity of fate.

But now there seems strong scientific and logical ground for a forecast of that fatal hour, and a few more years' observations will establish it beyond doubt.

The velocity of light is generally reckoned as approximately 186,000 miles a second, but far from this being constant, scientists now show that it has decreased by 13 miles a second in seven years. At this rate light will have come to a standstill in 90,000 years' time!

Above we print a chart showing the time taken by the light from various heavenly



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bodies to reach the Earth, and it will be seen that when the velocity of light becomes nil, it will be only just over eight minutes before the sun, our main source of light, will "disappear." The other planets will fade out at varying intervals, and we shall eventually be left in total darkness.

Moreover, the velocity of light is the velocity of all electro-magnetic radiation. And if it slows down the whole material creation slows down with it and hardly reaches out of existence!

Ninety thousand years. . . .

The Age of Sunlight and Steel

IN the Village of La-Monroy, at the recent Ideal Home Exhibition at Olympia, we were given a glimpse of the houses of the future.

Built at an angle to, instead of parallel with, the road, these houses thus have two walls with a southern aspect instead of one, and are designed to attract every ray of sunshine.

Flat roofs for sunbathing, spacious verandahs, and broad sun (or lamp) in long the benefits of sunshine when days are grey—in areas as though there will always be a sunny side to the street of to-morrow.

A New Wonder Metal

ANOTHER feature of the Exhibition was a display of

the new metal—steel—made this exhibit a truly unforgettable sight. The steel is alloyed with chromium and nickel and the result is a metal possessing metal, highly decorative, strong, and absolutely non-corrosive.

Its introduction marks a new era in the use of steel. Bicycles, fittings, cutlery, kitchen utensils, furniture, hospital equipment, furniture, jewelry are some of the uses to which it is being put.

How Money Flies!

ARMHEIDEN Londoners were given a little chance to make money simply by looking up into the blue a few weeks ago.

The operators of a Meteor Show sent up an aeroplane while their children were taking place trailing behind it a huge double banner on which were the words "LARD MOTOR SHOW. GUESS MY HEIGHT—WIN £10."

Watchers on the ground had to estimate the height at which the machine was flying. The competitor had to write down the time, the date and spot over which the "place was flying" and then give his estimate of the machine's height.

On board the plane was a barograph, which showed definitely the height at which the "place was flying" during every moment of its trip across London.

An accurate record of each day's trip was published and then "profits" who were within 25 feet of correct had to claim. A prize of £50 went to the most nearly correct estimate.

VOICE from the VOID

IT WAS NOT ARMS, Not an International Police Force that held the Nations in check and stayed the Sinister hand of War; but a Voice, a Voice that spoke out of Nowhere!

* THE SECRET OF THE PHANTOM

As the man yelled his message into the darkness and, lurching inwards, lurched into the house, Jimmy straightened up.

Bruggemann, with his great organization and unlimited supply of funds, had done what he and Mr. Bilks had failed to do. He had located the Phantom Ship!

It was the task that had been given to Jimmy when he had first taken on this strange Secret Service work.

Out of a job some weeks before, Jimmy had consulted his uncle, Lord Broadwater, the Foreign Secretary, and as a result had been sent searching for a Phantom Ship that had been seen on the Essex side of the Thames estuary, and to investigate strange gossip of a Voice, a mysterious Voice that spoke out of Nowhere.

Jimmy had seen the Phantom Ship—strong ghost vessel that came out of the mist and disappeared again into nothingness. He had heard the Voice, too—a Voice from the Void that came pouring as from a thousand fountains in strange places and out of Nowhere!

Then Jimmy had met Harry Bilks, a regular old soldier, who was staying on the coast for the good of his health.

A story shot at the sailor's intended for Jimmy, had caught Mr. Bilks' bowler hat, and the incident had convinced the friendless "Harry Bilks was in" on the adventure.

Instructions had sent them to France, and later to America, but now they were back in Dumbarton, waiting for anything that might happen.

And at that time Bruggemann had taken a house in Dumbarton, too. . . . Bruggemann, the warrenner to whom the Voice had first spoken.

Together with the incorruptible Mr. Bilks, Jimmy had gone to the house of Bruggemann, and in the grounds Mr. Bilks had vanished, simply disappeared from sight.

It had been then that a man had roared up to the house on a motor-bike, and had delivered his message.

"Where's Bruggemann? I've found the Phantom Ship."

Jimmy saw the man going into the house. He saw one of the shadowy figures in front of him move, and thought he saw an arm uplifted.

He stood very tense and rigid, knowing that the uplifted arm meant gunshot. But no sound of the shadowy figure's arm that uplifted arm, no shot was fired, and the door slammed shut.

The shadowy figure drifted off. Jimmy heard no sound when the house door began to shut softly.

As he slowly began to move, he was by the window. He had seen most people thought him, and suddenly a theory which explained

the whole of his and Mr. Bilks' adventure within the grounds flashed upon him.

The shadowy figures were attached to the Phantom Ship. The great closed eye was also attached to it. Tom Farring, thrown overboard, was a prisoner in the house, and part of the crew of the ship had come to certain death. It accounted for everything.

Now-Jimmy's brain was working like lightning—this member of the crew were being

Jimmy would realize that the house which was the Phantom Ship would find and forecast, with its power that ship's mystery. It might quite possibly have been that the attempted rescue of Farring was dictated solely by that desire, and not by any feelings of humanity. To save the ship first, second and always. That would be the idea.

But now the enemy, as represented by Bruggemann and Company, knew where the ship was. It was now so essential to save Farring. What was really essential was to get word to the ship itself, that it might be saved.

The intended rescue of Farring were being lost to the night. They had not found at the messenger, because if they had failed to tell him with one shot—by so means a certainty—they would have betrayed the fact that they knew he had arrived and what news he had brought.

But there remained Tom Farring, and somehow, duty or no duty, Jimmy could not bear to think of the man alone in the hands of his fate. After all—and Jimmy realized it now—Farring had intervened in his behalf at Dumbarton (somewhat suddenly). It must be admitted by knocking on the man who was following him and giving him a chance to get away unharmed. That action of Farring's had been deliberate, and Jimmy owed him a debt of gratitude.

The darkness in the house opened to the outside. Two big rays came pouring round from the back Jimmy, stretched low in a crouch of the wall, saw next peck into them. In the foreground sat vast Bruggemann and the motor-cycle.

The latter's machine was left lying where it had fallen—outside the front door, and nobody attempted to pick it up.

He came went something away into the black wilderness of the night, and now Jimmy began to get to work.

He looked into the lighted room. In the centre was a table, and on the table was a whisky bottle and tumbler, some glasses and an ashtray or two, with the light of open light burning in them. Bruggemann and his people had been drinking and smoking while they waited.

Jimmy tried the window. It yielded in efforts. He took a big risk and, using his elbow, pushed a jagged hole in the glass, then waited breathlessly for sounds of an alarm. But it was more than possible that the noise of the storm had drowned the noise of the breaking pane.

He did his arm carefully inside, avoiding

the dangerous fringe of glass, found the catch and turned it. A second later he was in the room, leaving the window idly flapping behind him.

The wind swept in and whirled the cigarette all ways.

Jimmy crossed the room, opened the door, and found himself looking into the hall. He stepped into it and closed the door.

Then, in the darkness, he heard a voice.

"Well, Mr. Farring, you gave me a lot of trouble, and I'll say it to anybody. But this is where you get yours. Won't tell us where the Phantom Ship is, eh?"

"I certainly won't." That was Farring telling.

The first speaker laughed.

"There's no need to, my honey boy. We know!"

Farring's voice lifted.

"It's a lie! You can't have found out. It's a lie!"

"Is it? Why should I lie to you? Mr. Bruggemann had a theory. I'll tell it you if you like."

Jimmy stood in the hall listening. He did not fear being surprised. He guessed that everybody in the house had packed off in the cars save that man who had been left behind to "deal with" Tom Farring.

The voice went on.

"That was Mr. Bruggemann's theory, and he based it on what I told you. All round the coast of England big ships are laid up—laid up in some, side by side, with only a watchman aboard. Nobody worries about them. Nobody thinks of going over them or looking at them. If one among scores of those ships ships for meetings at night and comes back before morning, nobody is to ask why or wherefore. She needs no clearance papers. She's a dead ship—laid up. When she's away in the darkness she's not around."

Jimmy knew this was right. All round our coast—scores of the big—hundreds of thousands of tons of shipping is laid up in some, side by side, with only a watchman aboard. Nobody worries about them. Nobody thinks of going over them or looking at them. If one among scores of those ships ships for meetings at night and comes back before morning, nobody is to ask why or wherefore. She needs no clearance papers. She's a dead ship—laid up. When she's away in the darkness she's not around."

The voice went on.

"So we get the Phantom Ship. She was bought, but never removed from her moorings. It was just a bit of eccentricity on the part of her buyer. He wanted a ten thousand ton ship to live on. He picked her up for a competitive song. She was useless. He recruited a secret crew—of which you were that captain. He got her running. She has been in the sea by night, but in the Phantom Ship."

Tom Farring said nothing. He never told Jimmy that all this was true.

The other man spoke again. "We've found her. She's in a big motor near here where many other ships are laid up. He's the motor—down—ship of the lot, the queen to move, the secret to bring back. Addle—right—the Phantom Ship goes down!" He paused and added softly. "With all hands!"

Tom Farring cried out, but the other man checked him.

And now I'll tell what's going to happen to you. You're going to be found, and shot. Get that? Found drowned at sea. I'm going to carry you from here, put you into a little car, take you out to the motor-boat and dump you on some river there. You'll never get back, Farring. Never. Come on!"

Jimmy opened the door of the room from which the voice had come. He saw Tom Farring tried to a long curved chair. He walked and wrote at the legs and arms of the chair. He saw a big man bending over him, and the man turned and shouted as Jimmy came into the room.

The fellow's head slid under his jacket

The Race for the Phantom Ship

★ STORM AT SEA

forward he left, except Jimmy dared not let him get at the gun which hung under his left arm.

He jumped like a tiger, and as he jumped he roared.

His knees took the man in the mouth and skinned him back across the table-flat. He rolled off, coming heavily to the floor, his lips cut badly, his teeth driven in, a wild scream escaping him. He staggered, got to his knees, wheeled, the gun coming into view.

Jimmy kicked. He got the gun and the fragment which held it with a boot toe which had driven home more than one goal so hard thought never failure. There was a little cough, and a scream as the jaw of a broken neck sprang like a mine at the man's curves. He tried to get up, lurching forward to a grapple.

Jimmy jumped back, so that the man blazed into his feet, and as he reached the sprint Jimmy dashed his left leg and straight, for the injured mouth. The man's head went back with a click, and in then split, round Jimmy's right knee across like a swinging axe.

The man dropped to his face and did not move.

Jimmy cut Farring loose. "That was pretty," said Farring. "That right cross was grand. Thanks. He was not a dream athletic man."

"There's a water-bike outside," Jimmy panted. "If you care to ride pillow and tell me the way, we might do something yet. Guess?"

"For anything," said Farring, and they rushed to the door and out of the house.

Some of the petrol had spilled from the bike's tank, but it still held enough for a good many miles. Jimmy looked at the engine. It coughed, took another kick, and came to racing life. Farring was outside the cockpit, his arms locked round Jimmy's waist.

It was in the clutch or. The number wheel clicked, scratched, took quarter

and went and got away with a roar.

"Right on out, mate the gate!" yelled Farring. "And let her go!"

They skidded at a steep angle round the corner, coming right, with the wind coming at their faces, the long spreading beam of light from their lamp during muddy night. Jimmy got the bike under full control.

Then he spread it out. It was a high speed machine, not properly allowed, with the acceleration of a one-inch shell. The speedometer needle jumped to sixty.

They skirted a corner. Jimmy's hands were scraping the ground. They straightened. They came on.

The tempest brushed and roared about them, and Farring, looking right, yelled towards the direction as, on the wings of torned petrol, they dove distance under the night.

THE old bike had done its job. It stood under a hedge, silent, its light extinguished. Ahead, Jimmy could see a flat darkness, showing the weakness of an evening.

Vegety he could distinguish a vast bunch of black shapes with lines tapering virtually above them, lifting towards him. Ships and ships . . . silent ships . . . ships which once had sailed the Seven Seas and which might still have been sailing them . . . laid aside . . . The most awful mistake of the great years; best of five ships, deserted, sunk, and named, like was ghosts of a past time which has gone.

Farring was hurrying down to the lower shore. The noise was tremendous. The wind was thrashing the estuary like a series of thought wings, and even that sheltered water was wild enough, while outside the sea was roaring with monstrous fury.

The motor bike had made a speed on these treacherous roads when no car could sustain, not even the fastest of road sports, for its steering had enabled it to go on unswerving in a few wheeled machine however carefully and skillfully handled.

Then, though Farring and Jimmy had started after the others, they were now not so very far behind. As they came to the forechurn they realized this.

The water was running high and swirling up through the coarse tallings. They were able to keep on it as they pushed forward, and they were able to see some boats putting off shore, moving as fast as one could take them.

Farring gasped.

"They're off! There'll be a fight! Look! One of the great ships, like a floating mountain of the prehistoric days, was moving slightly."

"It's coming her off!" yelled Farring.

"It's not a boat?"

They repeated, raising the shore in each

direction. It was Jimmy who found a boat and pulled at the top of his voice. Farring heard the hull, and came running. They got the boat off, and Farring took the oars and began to pull with the long practiced stroke of an accomplished waterman.

The Phantom Ship was indeed coming off, and as Farring pulled towards her Jimmy would guess what had happened. The Farring came party had got back just ahead of Begganman's gang and had trampled ahead with its men.

Effects were now being made to get lost from the deepened down fire and a head of steam on her. She was going to meet out into the weather beyond the estuary and out for it, before attack developed.

But Begganman's party had been too quick for them. They would never get the ship away before the leaders came over their rail, and Jimmy trembled to think of what might happen once that occurred. There would be death and wild killing on that ship, and the voice of the hurricane would prove its grim charm.

Farring was moving without any desperate haste, getting the most from every pull at the oars. The tide was running in, and that did not assist him, but the boat made rapid progress, considering all the circumstances, and the great swinging ship loomed closer every minute.

They had cut her off ahead, and only her stern meeting held her. This they would slip once the stern got going. She was moving in a wifish circle, and she was carefully far off from the shore, but the boat made rapid progress, considering all the circumstances, and the great swinging ship loomed closer every minute.

Before the wind they heard a sudden lee, slow thinking. The triple expression was looking at her.

"She's off!" panted Farring. "We'll lose her!"

At last and life, Jimmy, who was facing forward, saw the other boat rise under the lee of the great ship. The heading party had arrived, and he guessed they were scrambling to get on board.

In the laboratory in the heart of the Phantom Ship Mr. Dikes, all gold braid, led a swift and deadly battle.



"Voice from the Void" Unmasked

Passing pulled the burner.

The water was now boiling—due to it was not far below the surface as the current no longer—and they could see the charmed white steam of fog. She was coming off. A shot rang out, followed by a scream.

The ship was now very close. Something dropped with a splash into the water—her side, assuming they cut ahead and left. She moved very slowly ahead, coming toward slightly, while a rattle at deck told of battle ahead.

Passing pulled with right and moon. They passed her stern. They brushed alongside her, and passing, leaving sideways, found a ship, and finished it almost a second.

"We're going ahead up the page," he shouted to Jimmy. "Come on!"

It was a perfect chance, that duty meant at the landing post. Does the looking, looking, half-awakened boat, the crew of which was now after out of the water and the alarm dropped, as the big ship got under way.

But they made it, and climbed over the rail as to the steel deck.

Three darkness and confusion reigned. The ship was shaking as before, and no lights burned showed her way up on her navigating tower, where a curved electric lamp threw a red glow on the face of her captain only.

Jimmy studied from below the bridge, and a moving shadow in the shadows of the ship's hatch coming yellow suddenly and fired back. The crew of the Phantom Ship were holding the bridge, and they would be holding the engine room—on they might not. With these vital spots in their possession they held the ship, unless...

"We want the laboratory!" yelled Ferring to Jimmy's ear. "Follow me!"

★ THE VOICE TRIUMPHANT ★

JIMMY along to him, and, leaving his feet with difficulty on the new railing deck, he slipped through a little steel door below the bridge and into one of three narrow steel alleys, impregnated with the smell of oil, which was to be found on all flights.

Passing went on carefully, holding Jimmy's hand as Jimmy touched the steel door. It was black dark, but the sailor knew the way wonderful, and, turning a corner, down a steep little passageway, they reached the forward hold of the ship.

This hold had been converted into the laboratory, and the companionway and passage leading to it had been so outlined during this process of conversion that one entered at once level.

A strange place, and brilliantly lighted. It

had no perches, so that unless the hatch was raised, and it was in place, no hint of illumination reached the outside world. Currents came from the ship's big dynamo, and thus there was power in plenty.

Jimmy, standing beside Ferring, and as aware by those in the laboratory, was a vast apparatus which resembled him, sturdy of a radio receiving set, and another apparatus which was not under a radio transmitting set.

A man sat huddled in a chair. He had no left arm, and Jimmy was, with horror and with pity that his right leg was off to the knee. One eye was blinded and covered by a black patch, and across his face ran black and white. He coughed as he sat. Yet his one remaining eye gleamed with an intelligence denied to him now, even if it was the light of a dead intellect.

Bregmann, holding a pistol, with Gertel and Stuck at his side—for they had selected Gertel—confronted this man and spoke to him.

"So this is the Voice from the Void!" said Bregmann. "Captain Hawkins, you have created this monster when it is created."

The broken couple on the floor gave him a quick hard glance, a smile which was changed with courage. He spoke in a quiet and cultured voice.

"I've heard you, Bregmann, and you know it. Kill me if you wish. It doesn't matter. But I've beaten you. Yes—he would have heard—there is the Voice from the Void. I make it. I invented it. With it I can pick up private conversations in private rooms. With it I can project my voice through space so that all men can hear it without the aid of headphones and complicated receiving apparatus. I can talk to the world. I've done so. I've stated the world to action, though I myself have done nothing in connection with that action. I've stated it. You see... yes... Bregmann!"

Bregmann's face convulsed. He knew it was true.

Captain Hawkins went on.

"I hear a name of which I am not ashamed. It stands in the annals of England. Bregmann, do you hear? Alive, this is what we did for you, the so-called 'Great European War' of nineteen fourteen to eighteen. Do you know what I was before that was, Bregmann? I held a forty-five running blue at my Varsity. I was middle weight champion of the Universities of Britain. I played for my country's second eleven at cricket, and I was no mean ragger man. And, besides, I could use my legs."

"The war did this—the sort of war you and your kind wanted to make again. It clearly blinded me, it took an arm and a leg from me. It ruined my face and made me跛 in the right of men. It sent me into my lungs and into them to choke, so that I could fight and die. It did the same thing—and worse, for worse is less of the same of others."

"Only those who have seen me know me."

No look any emotion, as picture ever painted, one fell about as to was in. The lower, dismembered, screaming like human beings, men but on their faces, blinded, crying like children... That's the way you said your kind was, that figure can go into your mind and before the eyes and under your feet. Confess, Bregmann! Bregmann, Bregmann. The universal electric domination of you... body and soul, as God's last great Judgment Day... No look!"

He half lifted himself in her chair. As he did so, the hatch covering came up and water poured in. The ship had taken a slight lurch, and Bregmann and his party staggered wildly sideways. She was getting all the water now.

The reason for the hatch covering coming away was now revealed. Suddenly dropped through ship on to the table. On his head

was balanced a woman's one with a lot of gold beads about it. As he dropped he yelled.

"Blessed be, my husband!"

And Jimmy, with a wild emotion looking on to her, recognized that unchangeable old soldier, Mr. Arty Bikes. Mr. Bikes made, like all old soldiers, one day fade gradually away, but that he would be then was beyond the limits of human possibility.

Now Mr. Bikes, having fallen into the hold—his leg got the hatch covering him somehow with the aid of a stake, who marginally followed him—stood on an emergency. From the table he took a flying leap at Bregmann.

He would never have reached the floor, but for the pole. But the ship set and it was worth Mr. Bikes would have been shot. But the ship was being pulled about like a cork, and Bregmann could not stand. Mr. Bikes, jumping recklessly, got the great iron fall in the chest with the top of the gold-headed woman's cap, and as Mr. Bikes fell was that cap, Bregmann got him.

Mr. Bikes' mind failed also, and as he had thoughtfully provided himself with a shovel, his intention was distinctly noticeable to the opposition.

Ferring and Jimmy heard sounds behind them. Some of the Bregmanns' party had slipped their way through. The two watchmen passed in. There was a terrific fire-fall light on and down the laboratory, during which Mr. Bikes performed prodigious, and the shovel superabundant. In fact, every time that shovel went up, a man went down, for the person watching it stood against the first three in his hands and tipped the beam at about seventeen times.

So at last it was ended. All lights were now on. The ship was cleaned and the gang was up. Jimmy turned to Mr. Bikes, and that person, who had been so long as he had a remarkable gift for forgetting him in all sorts of things—said: "Do I look like an Admiral, Jimmy?"

"You look like something in a car," said Jimmy roddily, and grunted. "Arty, my best went through the top of my head when you fell through that balcony."

"Well," said Mr. Bikes. "I didn't. I jumped. I'm a man! Here, meet my boy Ferring. Ferring!"

The vast stoker walked forward and acknowledged Jimmy's hand in his Mr. Bikes rapidly explained what had happened to him, and it hurt out Jimmy's chest. He had been absorbed, recognized as a friend, and taken back to the ship.

Jimmy turned to Captain Hawkins.

"Well," he said, "I am Lord Broadwater's nephew. I think he will probably want to see you. May I make the necessary arrangements?"

He replied matter.

"As you and your friend appear to be members of the ship, you can make what arrangements you wish," he replied.

So Lord Broadwater and Captain Hawkins, with the result that that brilliant and topped man was able to carry out his further investigations in radio power under the highest circumstances.

Bregmann, they found, was dead. The stoker had hit him with the shovel. It was an unadvised act for so famous a man, but not altogether undesired.

Jimmy stayed in the Secret Service, and he remained the unsuspicious and lifelong friend of Arty Bikes, with whom, indeed, he had other adventures at a later date.

The Phantom Ship, cleared of the phosphorus and smoke which made her look like some blasted animal, and which faded away a period of exposure to the sun, then showing her to "crash," went back to her moorings, and sailed no more.

And there was no war.

The people of the world worked on in peace, and the blessings of peace were upon them.

THE END

X-RAY

ULTRA APPARATUS

Shows clearly on screen in high light, finger and other parts of the body, and even the internal organs of the eye, ear, nose, throat, and chest. This amazing apparatus is used by the most famous and successful doctors in the world. It is the only one of its kind in the world. It is the only one of its kind in the world. It is the only one of its kind in the world.

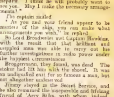
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Modern Marvels

Ideas that are making a new World

SCIENCE'S SUPER TELE-MICROSCOPE

TELEVISION plays a big part in a wonderful new microscope which will enable scientists to "see" things which have so far been invisible.

The new invention takes light and forces it into an electrical current. This electric current is then magnified or amplified manyfold, and then turned back into light again. The result of this is that tiny distant things, which hitherto were lost, never yet have been able to see are "magnified" up until they appear as giant insects.

A wonderful electric eye is built into this system. Millions of super-photocells which are connected into a square web of "eyes," which work as the light coming from the image and turns it into short wireless waves.

These waves are capable of being amplified up tremendously, and transmitted over long distances, if necessary, before they are changed into light again.

The reason for changing the light into electric energy for magnifying purposes is that it is impossible to magnify light even a few thousand times, but to magnify electric current millions of times is quite simple.

*** The London Post Office Frontpost Board is experimenting with an aerial death switch "beam" with powerfully repulsed wires on crossing streets around London.

GIANTS OF THE MODERN WORLD

World's Highest Building

THE Empire State Building in Fifth Avenue, New York City, was completed, after fifteen months' continuous labor, in May, 1931.

This gigantic 50-story building stands 1,340 feet above street level, having the 300-foot winged soaring mast at the top. Its floors are served by 65 elevators of the most modern design.

"Empire State" has five entrances in three streets, and is its counterpart. Six were used, 25 million bricks, 60,000 tons of steel, and 125,000 cubic feet of concrete. It contains 75 miles of water mains and 2 million feet of electric wiring.



DYNAMITE TO UNEARTH MONSTERS!

AS a result of all the publicity which has been given to the appearance (or otherwise) of the famous Loch Ness monster, there are still many theories concerning his existence to be thrashed out—or ignored!

Now there are a number of people who have a strong theory that submarines up-and-down and Japanese monsters go hand in hand. They say that every report of an earthquake or upheaval on an ocean bed has been followed by reports of the appearance of things that might have been "monsters."

So are the theorists that it would be a good idea to "make" an artificial earthquake just to see.

It is proposed to go out into the Atlantic, set them, when well clear of shipping waters, to explode several hundred tons of dynamite. The hope of this was made earthquake will cause the monster in the sea to come to the surface—where the trapping of them will follow in the natural order of events!

*** A total eclipse of the sun, visible in Russia in 1929, has been chosen as the occasion for an international conference of scientists to study the phenomenon.

HE BRINGS THE DEAD TO LIFE

PROFESSOR SMIRNOV, of Moscow University, believes he has discovered how to revive any person who has died from heart failure caused by over-exertion, fright or electric shock.

The victim of any of these accidents can be brought back to life by artificially setting the heart beating again.

It is necessary for all life-saving work to be begun before the patient's body gets stiff, or the heart is laid to rest, and any time made. Next, by means of ultra-short radio waves, an artificial heart beat is set up, and after fifteen minutes the beating becomes natural.

The next step is that circulation begins again—and the "dead" man lives!

Discoveries that are Foretelling the Future

THE ORCHARD RAILWAY

JUGOSLAVIA has prepared a ten-year plan to turn the strips of land alongside her railway trains into combined orchards and gardens!

The proposal is to plant something like 1,500,000 fruit trees on these strips of wasteland previously known as "waste" land.

There will also be trees for the production of honey on a large scale, and also large numbers of decorative trees.

Railway workers will be given training to enable them to care for the trees in their sections of the tracks, and on payment of a small sum they can purchase the right to pick the fruit.

These trees may also save The Jugoslavians something!

*** Colombia's telephone bills just have been abolished throughout the country. The charges were valued 10,000 millions.

SCIENCE GUARDS ART TREASURES

SCIENCE has been called in to watch over a number of pictures, painted in the fifteenth century, which hang in the Grangery at Hampton Court.

A most elaborate system of air conditioning has been installed to keep the atmosphere constant round the pictures.

When there is just a suspicion of sleep a fan begins to revolve and circulates air through a moisture-absorbing "curtain" screen. If dryness is the complaint, then air is circulated into which water has been sprayed from a small pump.

An instrument called a "Hygrometer" controls these conditions—and a big part of its working is played by a few long strands of human hair!

*** A SPERMATOPHYTE plant, thirty miles in length, which looks up Empire State like a telephone pole, has just been found across the Park Street between Elyon and Madison.

RAILWAY LINES "GO FOR A WALK"

ONE of the railway engineers' greatest problems is the tendency of rails on the permanent way to be continually on the move.

As a result of this "creep," so it has been named, rails sometimes move as much as a foot within a year.

The trouble is caused on electrified lines, but on ordinary lines both rails and steel-tired wheels of trucks are affected by the "creep."

Experiments have in the London area used pulling back into place those at least twice yearly!



The Empire State Building.

A Great Scientifiction Story by—

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The World's Master of Future Science Fiction

The POISON BELT

The world floats into a zone of poisonous gas. Its influence is first felt in the island of Sumatra, and with the death of the native Professor Challenger, the world-famed scientist, predicts the end of the world. No one believes him—until the tide of death comes sweeping over the earth.

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